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FREDERICK STARR

“The Origin of Religion”

by

Frederick Starr

LECTURE BY

PROF. FREDERICK STARR

Professor of Anthropology of the University of Chicago

“The Origin of Religion”

Delivered at Woods Theatre

Under the Auspices of

The Workers University Society

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 2, 1919

Chicago, Ill.

Chairman

ARTHUR M. LEWIS

Permanent Lecturer for the Society

A741926

JOHN F. HIGGINS, PRINTER
376-380 WEST MONROE ST.



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ADDRESS OF PROF. FREDERICK STARR

At Woods Theatre, Chicago, Ill., Sunday, March 2, 1919

Subject: The Origin of Religion

I am to talk to you today about the origin of religion, and I have regretted twenty times since I accepted the invitation, that I did so. The chief reason for regret is the fact that there is so much to say upon the subject that one hour is a short time, two hours is a short time, and one lecture is not enough.

I have often read in books, and especially in good old books like Lubbock's, that there were many peoples without religion. I dislike always to contradict so good a man as Sir John Lubbock, but if Sir John had been writing in these days, after a real study of religions had been made, instead of being a pioneer as he was, he would not have made such a list of atheistic tribes. As a matter of fact, I doubt whether there are any people in the world today without a religion. I do not believe that there is an atheistic population at the present time, and I suspect, if I look back through time to the days of early man, I will not find any old population without religion.

In other words, if we go back, not only to the days of old Greece and Rome, but to Egypt and Babylonia, as far back as history extends and further, if we go back still beyond, to the time of the Stone Age man, and even to the man of the early Stone Age, I suspect that we still would not find a people without religion. We used to say, just as Sir John Lubbock said years ago, that there were plenty of atheistic tribes. Just so, we used to say that Paleolithic man, the man of the early Stone Age, was without religion. But today few people would make such a claim even about the man who lived during the Glacial period.

You know that the Stone Age man covered the walls of his caves with pictures of the animals that he hunted. I suspect that those pictures are not mere art products. They were not made simply to fill up time. I believe that in making those pictures the old Stone Age man thought he was bringing an influence to bear on the animals, to help him in hunting, in the chase; that he was practicing magic, even at that time, in making those drawings—exercising a power that would help him in getting his game.

We used to think that the man of the older Stone Age never buried his dead, but among the discoveries that have been made during these later years, some graves have been found which showed that man of that early time did sometimes bury his dead; he not only buried his dead, but with the dead he buried objects of different kinds, apparently for the dead man's use. So, even if we go back into the Glacial period, we find no atheistic tribes. I suspect, then, that always, as far back as we can imagine man, we must admit that he had something in the way of worship.

And if we examine the peoples of the present day, we shall everywhere find a religion of some sort or other. It is true that it is often a very crude religion. For instance, there are peoples today among whom religion reduces itself to just two things: first, it seems as if all peoples attribute to animals and things the same sort of feelings, the same kind of impulses, the same experiences, which they themselves have. In other words, not only do animals think, but things think and feel and move and can do things, can help, can harm.

This constant process of attributing to animals and things the same impulses and motives and qualities that we ourselves possess, we may call **personification**. And I believe that in the poorest and crudest of religions, the tendency is always present to personify the things around.

The second element which I believe is always present in every religion, no matter how crude, is the idea of **spirits**—the idea that there are existences, perhaps not to be seen, perhaps not to be felt, which have no materiality that can demonstrate their presence, but which still are able to move, to feel, to act, to affect, to help, to harm. And spirits, I imagine, even in low cultures, range from things without size, without shape, without well distinguished qualities, up to true gods. Now these two fundamental elements, I believe, we shall find in every religion.

The belief in spirits presents two phases. First, spirit beings exist; and second, that things and animals and people, are double—there is a spirit part in addition to the physical part and that this spirit can separate and exist separately from the body in which it seemed to be housed.

Now these primitive ideas which I have mentioned are, in my belief, the fundamental elements in the religious thought of early man. How can such things come? How did primitive man come to personify things about him? How did primitive man come to think of spirits? How did primitive man develop the idea of a soul that may separate from the body and live outside?

I fancy that we are apt to think too much of primitive man as a thinking being. In my early work in anthropology, I used to make a good deal of a philosopher out of him. I thought of him as facing the world like a great interrogation point. He was questioning everything—Why? How? When? But primitive man must have been quite different from that. Primitive man had very few thoughts. We must remember that he was a product of evolution from earlier forms of life. He had hardly consciousness of himself. The child has not much self-consciousness; primitive man had less. Primitive man had probably few ideas, few thoughts. He was a being impelled by certain urges and impulses from within; he was a being reacting to impressions from without.

There are two urges beyond all others which have been powerful with lower man. There is, first, the impulse for food—hunger. Hunger has driven the being that we think of as primitive man to do things. The second impulse and urge that has affected primitive man and led to his becoming what he was is sex. These are the two greatest inner impulses of primitive man.

Impressions from without were reacted against. They were reacted against without much thought. Man, at first, must have been largely an unconscious reactor. He must have responded without thought or purpose. Take any act. The primitive man did not stop and say to himself: "I am hungry; I will go out and hunt and find food." No; he was hungry, and he went without thought to find food. While engaged in search for food, he found some game. He did not stop and say: "This animal is good for food. I must hunt it. Therefore, I will get my weapons ready." No; instantly the sight of the animal caused him to act. Perhaps on the path he saw some threatening danger. He did not stop and say: "If I stand still, I shall be killed; the blow is about to fall; if I am wise I will get out of the way." He did nothing of the kind. He dodged. The blow fell; he escaped it. Perhaps he was conscious that he had been in danger and had escaped it. Perhaps he was not so conscious.

And when he came up to the game and the animal turned upon him, he reacted against it. He did not say: "I must fight for my life; I must conquer this creature; I must destroy him, or he will destroy me." No; he did not realize the fact. He struggled on. He found himself in the presence of some new danger. He found something acting against him to his disadvantage and he threw his force and energy into the combat. He did not reason or think, or even know what he was doing. As thousands of men on the battlefields of Europe, in the supreme crisis, did not know what they were doing or why, so primitive man did not know what he was doing or why. He did not think out reasons. He was a creature of impulses, reacting to impressions from outside.

In such conditions as that, I doubt whether primitive man thought of himself as an actor. On the contrary, I imagine that he was merged in the experience. The experience would consist of three elements—the actor, the weapon, the implement, the tool with which he was acting, and the object. The experience was a live experience. He lived through the experience half-consciously. He did not recognize himself as the actor, nor the tool as a tool, nor the object as something upon which he was intentionally working. No. They were all together one live experience. The tool was as alive as he was, the object upon which he was working was just as alive as he; he was as conscious of them as he was of himself, which means he was not conscious of them at all.

But by and by, after he had gone through many experiences, he came to be self-conscious and conscious of these other things—the weapon, the instrument, the tool, the object. They all came into consciousness just as rapidly as he himself came into consciousness; no more rapidly. We should not think of primitive man as sitting down and saying: "Well, now, what is the nature of this thing?" No; he came into relations with the thing, and because he was living when he recognized his own consciousness, he thought of it as living, and every element of the experience, which was a live experience became living. It is not a matter of reason or thought; it is not philosophy. It is realization through contact and association with the other elements outside of himself in the experience, which was alive, that makes the man think of animals and plants, rocks and waters, and tools and implements as alive like himself, impelled like himself, acting like himself, feeling like himself, having helpfulness and having harmfulness.

In some such vague, indefinite, unconscious, or semi-conscious way, man gradually came to realize himself and the world around him. And just because these things had been associated with him, they were like him. It was not a matter of reasoning; it was a matter of experience. Once having gained this idea, it seems to me natural that primitive man never thought of everything around him as being fully alive. It was only when something came prominently to his attention that he thought of it as alive. Primitive man, already beginning to look around him and to recognize influences, said presently to himself: "This thing has life; this thing has power."

What are the things that will be considered as having power? There are two great classes of things to which attribution of special power will naturally be given. The first is that which has been associated with him in some enterprise. This stream, with which he has had an experience, is alive. That animal, with which he has had experience, is alive. This weapon, which he has used and which has participated in experience with him, has the same power and influence and motives that he has.

Secondly, there is the thing which is in some way notable, strange, unusual. There were plenty of things which never figured in his experience; there were plenty of things to which he was entirely accustomed and which he passed by without noticing. He did not think of them as being actively powerful. But some day he came upon something different from the objects he was accustomed to seeing. It might be strange on account of unusual shape. It focused his attention. It might be a tree and he felt it different from other trees; it was unlike the things he had been associated with, through having some power to make it different.

So there are two classes of things that became thought of as having power—the thing associated with oneself, and the thing that is strange, such as a strange tree or a strange rock. In Japan one constantly comes upon trees that have a wisp of straw around them, showing that they are divine. Why? Because they are different from other trees. They have a different shape, there is something peculiar about their leaves, the spreading of the branches is unusual, the trunk is swollen—in some way they are different from other trees of their kind. Therefore, they must be powerful. You remember last week I showed you a picture of some stones bound round with sacred ropes. Originally they were one great stone. Nature cleft it into three. All of them are wound round with the sacred rope, because they are different from other stones. They are strange, and in that strangeness lies their power.

When we examine the lower peoples of the world, we find them recognizing a strange power which is pervasive. I have spoken of a strange power fixed in one object, but when man really comes to think and reason, he is inclined to think of an all-pervasive power of that kind, which is something mysterious. Thus the Iroquois Indian, when he sees anything out of the usual course, says "orenda". He finds himself in the presence of a mysterious power which he calls orenda. Orenda is everywhere; it exists potentially in all objects.

In other words, in the course of time, the man of lower culture comes to believe that any object may contain this magic power; any object may produce results. Some objects do—he knows they do; any may. And the thing which today is commonplace, tomorrow may by association or strangeness, come to exhibit the possession of this strange power.

I have tried to indicate to you as clearly as I could, the way in which the idea of animation, the idea of personification, in other beings and in things, came about. Let us look a moment at spirits. It is much the same thing again. The thing that has magic power is spirit, and in the beginning spirits were not immaterial, but just as material as anything else. A stone that was full of power would be a spirit; so would the power itself; then they might think of the power as separate from the stone. There are three stages. A spirit may be a thing as material as any; it may be a stone, a tree, anything. Some lower peoples call the squeaking of a rat a spirit. That is very natural. When we hear a strange sound, ignorant people often shudder and say "it is a ghost". Movement, too, is spirit. A stone, strange in shape, or size, peculiar in color, or remarkable in position, or that has harmed somebody on some occasion, is a spirit.

In time they began to think of the spirit part as distinct; later they may think of it as separate. So there are three stages in the conception of a spirit from the mere physical thing up to a separated immaterial thing. This idea of the doubling of the spirit is interesting, and most interesting to us in connection with ourselves. Among almost

any people we may study today, we find the conception that man consists of two parts—the body and the soul—that the soul may separate from the body, that the soul may come and go, that the soul may go away and the body remain.

We have seen how personification came about. We have noticed the gradual emergence of the idea of spirits. How did the idea of a separable soul arise? Probably it began in sleep. A man goes to sleep and dreams. Savages have very clear and vivid dreams. They are so real that often afterward they have difficulty in realizing that they were dreams. The savage, dreaming as he lies there in sleep, has experiences. He continues the experiences that occupied him during the day. He goes hunting; he carries his bow and arrow and hunting knife, and his ax. He battles with some enemy, or he kills game; by and by he wakes. Then he tells the people what he has done. He says, "it was a great deer I killed". Or, "it was a dreadful battle through which I went; it is a wonder I escaped alive; but here I am".

And they say to him: "No, you have been here all the time." Can they convince him that he has been there all the time? Never; he is as sure he has actually done the things in his dream as he is that he does the things of his waking hours, and it is useless to try to reason with him. They give up trying to reason with him, because they themselves have had the same experiences. They have dreamed and done things in their dreams which bystanders tell them they certainly did not do. And so they begin to think that that spirit thing which is within has gone unseen and unheard, and has had the experiences that were described, and now comes back and reanimates the body.

The idea of something that can come and go would be sure to arise through dreams, it seems to me. There are people the world over (and I know from my own experience of civilized tribes in the Philippine Islands), who will never awaken a person who is asleep. I have time and time again remonstrated with my servants about this matter. I have said: "So-and-so came to see me while I was asleep. You should have awakened me." But they would not. Why? Because they thought that, as I lay there, my spirit had gone abroad; it might be that it was occupied with the affairs of dream-life; suppose the body should be suddenly awakened with the spirit gone? Who knows what disaster might result?

Such an idea as that of a separable soul is strengthened by a series of other experiences in life. There are times when a man falls suddenly in fits. He struggles, he wrestles, he seems to be occupied with some terrible strife. By and by he comes to himself and he tells the people what he has done while unconscious. There are times when a man seems to be taken suddenly with a spirit not his own. People of lower culture believe that happens, that another spirit enters into the body and controls the man, that he has lost power to control his own actions.

Such simple things as a man's reflection in water, or a man's shadow cast by the sun, adds to this idea of the doubleness of the human being. The shadow, that is perhaps the soul; the reflection, that is perhaps the double that comes and goes in sleep. There comes a time when the man lies down in sleep and never wakes. There comes a time when that spirit which was in the habit of coming and going at will, goes and returns no more. The man is dead; but they believe the double still lives on, separate from the body, continuing perhaps the very experiences of the body.

We see now why among peoples of lower culture, they bury things with the dead man. You remember in my African lecture, that we

went to a deserted house. A little matting curtain hung over the doorway. When we reached it, the man tapped on the door frame and spoke to the spirit of his dead father. He said: "Father, we have come. There is a white man with me, but he will do no harm. He wishes to see the place where you are buried. Permit that we enter." We went in and looked at the grave. On it were vessels for food and drink; there was the man's old flintlock musket; there was cloth for clothing. All these things were laid upon the grave. Why? Because the dead man in the future world needs the things that he used in this world. He wants his gun, his food, his drink, his clothing. They serve him yonder as they served him here.

You may say to them: "The things are here, but the dead man is yonder. What is the good of putting these things with the dead man?" They look at you with pity and say: "The dead man is here, yes; the body is here, but the soul is yonder; the body of the things is here, but their essence, soul, spirit, has gone, and they may help him over yonder."

There were African tribes among whom it was customary, when a chieftain died, to kill the slaves, the wives, the relatives, to accompany him. Sometimes dozens were sacrificed at the death of a great chief. What was the idea? It was that the dead man needed the help, the advice, the companionship, the friendship, the service, of those who had helped him when he was here.

Among his slaves he had one, perhaps, who was called his right hand. He did the delicate services for the chief. He had another who was called his head, because he did the chief's thinking. He had another who ran errands for him and was called the feet. Ah well, the dead man has errands, the dead man has need of feet, the dead man has to have things done by skilled right hands; and so his right hand and his reasoning head and his willing feet are killed and put in the grave with him to accompany him to the beyond and serve him there as they served him here.

Such then, it seems to me, are the simplest elements of religion—personification and animism, and animism shows itself, first in the idea of many spirits of various kinds, and second in the idea of a double, a soul that separates, that lives afterward, that continues the existence begun here. From these we have the material basis for the religious life. What is the purpose of the religious life? To control or to conciliate the spirit powers, to gain the favor and assistance of those powers—mysterious, uncertain, vague, indefinite, but real—around.

There is much discussion among people in my line of study in regard to the relation between magic and religion. Some think magic comes early, religion later. Some say magic is primitive science, religion is primitive dealing with spirits only. There are others who say that magic forces Nature to do things wanted; religion is conciliation, gaining the favor of divine beings. Others, again, say magic is individual, one man performs a magical act, but religion is social, and that it is only when a group unites in ceremony that we have true religion.

It seems to me impossible to separate magic and religion. This does not mean that they are precisely the same thing; no, but magic is always present in religion, from its very beginning to its highest flight. Magic is never absent from the religious act. Magic is both narrower and wider than religion. There is magic outside of religion; there is magic within. I shall make no effort to separate the two things. I will simply say that in all religion there is a magic element; whether it is individual worship or group worship, one finds magic.

Let us look at magic a little. It is an interesting subject. Magic is the effort by some means or other to control and bind the powers of Nature to one's own uses. Let us illustrate. I said it is sometimes claimed that magic is individual, while religion is social. Magic may be individual; one man may perform a magic act in order to get benefit for himself. Again, magic may be individual but professional. There may be a man whose business it is to deal in magic for the benefit of other people. Such a man may be considered a professional practitioner in magic. Still again, we may have a whole society performing magic. Among American Indians much of the religion is conducted by secret societies, and in their ceremonials they operate chiefly by magic.

What kinds of magic are there? There are two underlying principles; one is that like effects like, like cures like, like produces like. The other principle is, contact influences. All magic, it seems to me, is based upon one of these two ideas: like produces like, and contact influences.

I have out at my home sixty little figures made of black wax. Each has pins thrust into it; each has red string wound round it to cramp and hamper movement. Such a wax figure, if placed before a fire, will melt away. These figures are magic figures. When the wizard makes one of these figures, he names it. The person whose name he gives to it is the person to be affected by the magic. He then takes and wraps the figure round with red strings. This is intended to tie the man whose name the figure bears, so he can move neither hand nor foot and will be helpless to struggle. Then he takes pins. He puts one through the heart, another through the brain, others through the legs and arms, and as he does it perhaps he says some words, but all the time he is thinking the man's name.

What he is doing to the figure, he is supposed to be doing by proxy to the unfortunate person whose name it bears. If he thrusts a pin through the heart, he is supposed to thrust a sword through the heart of the man, and so on. Suppose he puts the figure before the fire and it melts; the man wastes with fever until he dies and disappears. In other words, through a thing that looks like a man, that is named for a man, which becomes a man by representation, a result is produced. It is magic, on the principle of like effects like.

Let us take another form of magic. Suppose I want to do a man a harm. If I can get some of his finger nail clippings, I may burn the clippings in the fire; I shrivel and blast the man by doing it, because that which has been in contact with him is affected to his disadvantage or advantage.

I suppose you all have heard of various methods of curing warts. Let us take a common method of which most of you have heard. Take an onion, cut it in two, bind one piece for a moment upon the wart, place the other piece also on the wart for a moment, then tie the two pieces together and put them under the drippings of a roof. As the onion decays, the wart will decay. Why? Because the onion has been in contact with the wart and the thing which has been in contact with another affects it.

So there are two chief kinds of sympathetic magic, depending on the principles of like effects like and contact influences and produces effects.

Let me give examples of ceremonies to show you how the idea of magic enters into religion. The American Indians used to dance the buffalo dance. That was in the fine old days when the plains were covered with herds of buffalo and the Indians used to depend

absolutely on these herds for food. When for a time a herd had not been seen and a village was beginning to need food, they would arrange the buffalo dance.

The young men of the tribe would come together and take the skins of the buffalo—the skin of the head, with the horns, the skin of the body, and the tail. All these were kept for just this use. They put these skins over themselves and then began to dance with the movements of buffalo. Many of them, dozens of them, scores perhaps, would be dancing, imitating the buffalo. There would be music and singing, all with reference to influencing the thing that was to be secured. It was believed that by representing the buffalo they would force the animals themselves to come within reach. They would keep the dance up for days, until they fell with sheer exhaustion; new men would take the place of those tired out; the dance would be kept up until at last some one would cry out: "The herd has appeared." Then the dance would stop and the hunters would go out to the chase. You see this was a religious ceremonial in which there was social action, but the fundamental idea was a magical one.

Down in the Southwest, among the Pueblos, I have seen their rain dances, and interesting things are done. Boys and girls both take part in the dance—young people, fifteen to twenty-five years old. They wear on their heads wooden head-dresses cut in imitation of rain-cloud symbols and rainbow symbols. They are dressed in peculiar style, and the marks upon body and clothing have reference to rain. There will be some representation of the serpent, which is the symbol of lightning. There will be representations of rain-clouds with falling rain. As they dance and pray for rain, there will be people who dip the boughs of leafy plants into water and then shake the boughs. They are imitating the production of rain. Others will have jointed strips of wood so arranged together that by taking the ends and moving them they will produce zigzag motion. They are representing lightning. Others reproduce thunder. So between the costumes and the sounds and the representation of the dripping rain, the thunder, the lightning, they force the rain to come. It is the exercising of a magic influence to bring rain.

I wanted you to realize the fact that we cannot separate religion and magic; I wanted you to see that even in religious ceremonials, where many take part and the affair is as social as you please, there is the presence of magic.

Connected with magic is the man who devotes himself to magic. I told you a person may practice magic for his own benefit or, professionally, for the sake of others. The man who performs magic professionally is the most interesting man in barbaric culture. He is called by various names—the medicine man, the shaman, the conjurer. All the terms are appropriate. In Africa they sometimes call him the rain-maker. But his work is always the same. He operates through magic on nature or spirits to compel them to do his will.

There is no part of the world where we find the thing better developed than on the Pacific Northwest Coast, in British Columbia and Alaska. The shaman or medicine man is a great man. You can always tell him when you see him. Any man who does the religious act for others, can regularly be recognized at sight. He not only looks different from the rest of the people, but he aims to look different. He neglects his person; he has long, flowing hair; he paints himself in a peculiar way; he wears ornaments—such as no one else does; his clothing marks him off from the common man. Even his way of doing things in daily life differs from the ordinary.

When a person is sick, he sends for the shaman. When a person is in need of some help he sends for him. He is paid for his services. Magic is his profession. He has learned to deal with spirits. He must be paid for his labor, just as any other man who has learned his trade must be paid. He comes to the place, sees the sick man, and nods his head as wisely as any other professional man would do. He says: "Oh, yes, the trouble with you is that somebody has your soul and is doing harm to you." So the thing to be done is to get back the sick man's soul.

Shamans use a bone in that district that is intended purposely for taking charge of a man's soul. The soul is coaxed into the bone, plugged up in it and kept there until it agrees to behave itself. When given back to the man all is well.

It may be that the sickness of the man is due to some harmful thing shot into him by spirit power. It is wonderful what things are shot into a sick man! The medicine man coming says: "Yes, yes, a powerful enemy, some other shaman, some wizard, has shot something harmful into you. We must get it out." Then he dances and sings. His garments are decorated with designs that give him spirit-power. He has in one hand a rattle carved with powerful designs, and in the other hand a wand carved with strange figures. He dances, screams, yells, struggles. He is fighting with spirits. Nobody else sees them, but his activity and vigor are plain evidence. Finally, after an awful struggle, he may say that he had to go to the bottom of the sea, or up to high heaven. Finally he comes back and says: "Well, the thing is done." Or perhaps he says: "The thing is not yet out of the man." And so he goes over to the sick man lying down, he bares his arm and begins to suck; in a moment spits out a piece of glass or flint or thorn, and says: "No wonder you were suffering with a thing like this in you, shot by your enemy." The man gets well, of course, after such treatment.

Does the shaman believe in himself, or is he just a pretender? Is he a fraud? Undoubtedly he is something of a fraud, but also undoubtedly he believes a good deal in himself. I imagine that most shamans among our American Indians, most conjurers in Africa, most of these mystery men in every part of the world, believe firmly that they do much of what they pretend to do. Of course, that fellow who sucked the thorn out of the patient's arm, had the thorn concealed somewhere. It is evident he was a fraud to that extent. But then, in order to keep up faith and confidence, I suppose he felt that a little fraud was justified.

But I have no doubt that, on the whole, he thinks he really comes into contact with spirits. I have no doubt he believes he has valuable secrets for controlling invisible powers. I have no doubt he learns secrets that now and again really are helpful. I have no doubt that he is often a skilled conjurer and sleight-of-hand man. I have no doubt he is a hypnotizer frequently, and much of what he does is due to hypnotism. And I have no doubt also that until he comes into contact with an outside culture higher than his own, the medicine man believes in himself, as his people believe in him, and that they do believe in him is evident from any amount of evidence.

A medicine man, in a burst of fury, may say to a man: "Go home and die," and though nothing were the matter with him, he may go home and die. There is that much confidence in the medicine man.

There was once a man, a Canadian, I think—certainly he operated in Canada—named Edgerton R. Young. He was a missionary among the northern Crees. He was one of the most interesting lecturers I

ever heard. Edgerton R. Young used to come back to civilization every now and again and tell his experiences. And he held vast audiences absolutely entranced by the interest of the story which he told. Once in Toronto, where he had an audience of two thousand people and had talked to them for two solid hours, when he was ready to stop they cried: "Go on, go on," and he had to talk to them another hour. I have heard Mr. Young. He was a charming speaker. I talked with him privately afterward about his Indians, and especially in regard to the medicine man.

I said to him: "Of course, you have shamans among your Crees—medicine men?" He said: "Yes, it is very strange about the medicine men. They really do strange things. I will give you an example. I knew a white man, a Scotch Presbyterian, an elder in his church, whose word any one would accept unquestioningly. He could not be deceived, being a man of extraordinary keenness and shrewdness. On one occasion he was out hunting and was coming back with ducks and geese, after a quite successful chase. He met the old medicine man of the tribe, who when he saw those ducks and geese, said: 'White man, give me a bird; give poor Indian a bird.' The white man thought it a great chance to preach a sermon, and to down superstition, and so he said: 'What, a great medicine man like you, ask for a bird from me! If you are so powerful, why don't you get your own birds, instead of asking me?' The old man looked at him a moment, and then an expression of anger came over his face, and he raised himself to his full height, stamped on the ground, and he said: 'White man, you think I can't get birds? See yonder goose.' He pointed up into the sky and there was a goose, and in a moment down it fell fluttering, fluttering, fluttering, dead at their feet."

I said: "Yes?" Mr. Young continued: "I have no doubt about it, because I have every confidence in that man who told me." He went on to say: "They do very strange things, but they have never been able to do anything of that kind in my presence, nor within three-quarters of a mile of me." I said: "Indeed; how do you explain that?" And he replied: "I am surrounded by an atmosphere of Almighty Christ that disarms their power!"

Now, isn't it interesting to think of an atmosphere just a mile and a half in diameter? He added: "It is the same in other countries. I was at a great missionary meeting where missionaries were gathered from every part of the world, and we heard the same kind of story from islands of the sea, from Asia, and Africa, and the world over, of men who have these mysterious powers." "Yes," I answered, "and where do they get it from?" And the missionary said: "It is the devil himself, who gives them that power."

I wish I had time to go on indefinitely, but I have not. I want, however, to say something about the religion of our poor Africans, and of my Ainu. Briefly, in regard to my Africans. One thing is certain—they believe in spirits. There is no question but that the son whom I mentioned, when he tapped at the door of the hut and spoke, felt that his father's spirit heard his every word, and while he received no direct answer, he treated him as if he was in the very presence. The man believed that those things buried with his father were used by his spirit in the beyond.

Among those peoples we find great quantities of fetishes. The word "fetish" is a dangerous word to use. There is much dispute about what it means. I have seen thousands of fetishes. I have handled them freely, although a great many white people are afraid to handle them. Chicomas's children, when they used to come to see me, if they didn't

wear anything else, would have a fetish. The little fellow you saw in the picture, sitting on my knee, always wore round his neck a little string from which were hanging three small figures made of bits of wood. They were intended to protect him. Fetishes are often horns, hollow horns of antelopes, filled with a mixture of all sorts of things—grease, blood, brains sometimes, wood-dust, fangs of snakes, and bits of egg-shell. All are mixed into a mass and pressed into a horn, which is worn for protection against dangers and bad luck and spirit powers. Little kettles and pots and jars filled with similar mixtures are set outside the door in order to prevent bad influences from entering the house.

I had old Chicoma come around and make a fetish for me, for my new house. He sanctified the house for me and set up my house fetish. They had such house fetishes in front of every house. They take two sticks, one supposed to be male and the other female. They carve the upper end into human faces. They paint the faces. Then they set these in the ground in front of the house. Through them one has all kinds of good influences, will prosper in the house, will grow rich, will have good crops, will have plenty of young animals and a good family. The old man came with my two fetishes and set them up. He killed a goat as sacrifice. He smeared some blood upon them and then took the skin and flesh and prepared the sacrificial feast.

The wood used is of a kind that easily strikes root. They hope it will strike root, and if it does, it presently begins to put out leaves and buds and the stick which was originally set out as a stake with a human head cut on top of it becomes a growing plant and, in course of time, a tree. The idea is that as these trees flourish, the house and everything in it flourish. I wonder how my poor house has flourished, because those stakes took root and flourished splendidly. If you go to towns in that part of Africa and look at the trees around the village you will find on most of them, twisted and gnarled so you would hardly recognize it, the old face that was a part of the fetish before it grew into a tree.

Fetishes are everywhere in Africa. Personally, I feel that a fetish is believed to have power in itself. Many modern writers on fetishism claim that the fetish has no power in itself, and that a spirit must be invoked into it. If so, it is the medicine man who invokes the spirit. But I am sure that nine out of ten fetishes that I have seen, were believed already to have the power in them.

Let us suppose we have a fetish, a figure representing a human being, male or female, two or three feet high, set up perhaps in some place as a definite object of worship. Most people would call it an idol. I am not in this lecture going into those high religions where idols are. I am talking today only about lower worship. Idolatry is rather high up in the religious scale, and my poor fetish in Africa is not an idol. What is the difference? This fetish is a thing by itself. Whether a spirit is conjured into it or not, it is a thing unique. It does not represent an outside power. It is worshiped for and by itself. An idol is a representation of a high-god, who has special qualities, who has a name, who has attributes, who has symbols, who has priests and temples. There are often thousands, tens of thousands perhaps, of idols representing a given god, but a fetish is an individual thing, made once for all, serving once for all, in itself.

As for the Ainu, they are the primitive people of Japan, who lived in the islands before the Japanese came there. They are really Caucasians, white people, representing the same great race to which you and I belong. They are very hairy people, and therefore often called the

"hairy Ainu". The men have long beards and wavy hair, that hangs down over the shoulders. The women have no beards, but tattoo their faces with great mustache-like marks around the mouth. Hair plays an important part among the Ainu.

I suspect the old Ainu man, unspoiled by modern innovations, used to spend one-third of his waking hours whittling—quite a Yankee occupation. (I told you they were white men.) He would whittle so that the whittling would come up as a curled shaving. He would not quite separate it, but would leave the shaving hanging, and shave, and shave, and shave, until he had a bunch of those curly shavings hanging to the end of the stick. Then he would sharpen the lower end of the stick and set it up. Such a stick with shavings is called an inao.

The inao is extremely interesting. It is several things in one. It is a prayer, and the making of an inao and setting it up is a prayer to the deity that he may do some favor. But it is not always a prayer. It may be an offering, because for some reason not clear to us it is a pleasure to the god to receive inao. Thirdly, the inao may be a god itself. Outside the sacred east window of their houses the Ainu set up a line of inaos. Each is a god, one the god of the mountains, another the god of the rivers, another the god of the springs, another the god of the fire, and so on. Outside of the Ainu house which my Ainu group built in St. Louis there were sixteen inao gods, each different. They make prayers to these inao gods; they offer drink—strong drink—to them. So you see, these curiously shaped sticks are prayers, offerings, and deities.

The most curious ceremonial the Ainu have is the bear dance. I traveled a thousand miles to see one. They are rare now. You might go many times to northern Japan and visit the Ainu and never see a bear dance. The Japanese are trying to put an end to them. When the Ainu used to go to hunt the bear in the proper season of the year, they hoped to get a little cub. They hoped it might be so young that it ought not to leave its mother. Because so young, the little creature was fed by the Ainu women at their own breasts, and it is probable that every Ainu woman old enough to be a mother had suckled a baby-bear.

Pretty soon it was too large for that kind of food. Then it was put into a cage and fed daily by a man set apart for the duty. The women cooked food for the bear; the poor pampered little creature was given the nicest food the Ainu could provide. In the course of time it got to be quite a big bear and was the pet of the village. Every child caressed it, every woman loved it, every man in the village talked with it and treated it as if it were a friend.

By and by the time comes when the great ceremonial is to take place, notices are sent to the various villages, informing them of the bear feast. When the day comes, the best mattings are gotten out and the best things made ready. They prepare plenty of food and plenty of intoxicating drink; they put fresh inao in every part of the house and by the trails and springs, in order to have good influences everywhere. After the guests have been located in the houses where they are to be entertained, the women indulge in a song and dance. They weep and cry as they dance and sing. They look as if the saddest day of their life had come. The old men have food and drink prepared. Then all come out, and with music and dancing they give the order for the bear to be brought forth. They drag the bear out from its cage with a couple of ropes. When they get it out, they begin to tease it. Remember, the creature has never had an unhappy day before; it has always been treated with affection and respect. But now

those who had been its friends seem to turn against it. They pelt it with stones and sticks. They bring out bows and arrows, blunt-pointed, and shoot at the poor creature. The arrow may have force enough to stick for a moment before it falls. They are anxious that it shall. Every man and boy in the village tries to shoot the bear with sacred arrows. I saw a baby, two years old, brought out in its brother's arms, draw the bow with its little hands, and shoot the arrow.

The animal at first is terrified. It tries to run. Then it becomes angry and vexed, and tries to defend itself. The torment keeps on. All at once, the word is given and they stun the creature, put a pole under its throat and another pole at the nape of the neck, behind, and then the whole crowd of young fellows throw themselves on the upper pole and their weight crushes out the life-breath of the creature.

This is done directly in front of the old and respectable men of the village, seated on their choicest mats, surrounded with inao. And as the animal gives its last gasp, the man leading the ceremony catches and inhales its breath, and prays, saying: "Dear little creature, we have loved you; we have been glad to see that you have never wanted for anything; we have treated you as one of ourselves. Now the time has come for you to go. We are dispatching you to your parents up above. Carry with you our prayers, our thanks, our respectful greetings, and have the gods send us plenty of bears to hunt. Have them send us success and prosperity in the years to come. Carry with you our love and don't forget to tell them how well we treated you."

They take the bear after it is dead, cut it open, take the skin off, and carry the flesh into the house. Then they take the skull with the skin on it and place it on a fine mat and cover it with inao shavings and beads and rings, and all sorts of decorations. By this time they have got some soup ready, made out of its own flesh, and they place the soup before the dead head, and they say: "Taste of this soup. May it do you good." Then after it has taken soup, they are free to take soup themselves.

Then they come out with boiled meat, its own meat you remember, and they say: "Dear little creature, here, take meat, eat, be happy." Then, it having had its offering, they take meat and eat and are happy. And after they have all eaten and drunk until they can eat and drink no more, the feast is ended. It is a great occasion.

This is one of the many interesting things in the way of communion ceremonies. To kill the god, to eat its flesh and drink its blood, is commonplace in the religions of the world.

I had intended to say a few words about sacred numbers. With it I mean to end. Sacred numbers are rather a specialty of mine. In studying them, I think we get a good many hits regarding religious beliefs and practices.

Sacred numbers are numbers believed to have magic power. They are numbers conceived to be related to divine things in a special way. They are in constant use in the worship of lower men. There are many sacred numbers, but the five great ones are 2, 3, 4, 7 and 13. I suppose many of you would think 7 is the greatest. It is the least important. The rest are all more so. I shall say a few words about each—about 2, 3, 4, 7, and 13.

First, as to 2. We find it everywhere. It is fundamental to religious thought. It is fundamental to the great philosophies of the world. I had intended to ask Mr. Lewis to have a blackboard here, but I forgot. Draw a circle, and draw in the circle through the center, a curved line that will divide the circle into two similar and equal parts.

Most of you have seen the design of the Northern Pacific Railroad Co. One of the sides is red, one black. It is an old Oriental symbol, the mark of Korea. What does it mean? It symbolizes the fundamental idea of Oriental religions. It is the presence of complementaries and opposites, always at the same time. You cannot think of heat without thinking of cold; you cannot have a clear idea of heat without having at the same time a clear idea of cold. You cannot think of good without thinking of bad; you cannot think of rich without thinking of poor; you cannot think of life without thinking of death. There are thoughts that you cannot have unless at the same moment the complementary thought is in your mind.

That fact early impressed itself on mankind. They thought of things as active and passive, as male and female, as light and darkness, as good and bad, as hot and cold, as winter and summer, as day and night. They did not think of this constant co-existence as being a conflict; they thought of it simply as complementary.

That circle divided by a curved line into two parts—black female, red male—represents creation, the universe, the world, everything; it is a fundamental idea in Oriental religious philosophies, and in American Indian religions. Every American Indian religious ceremony is based on sex. The same idea is present in those fetishes outside my house in Africa; they represent not a struggling, but a combining; they exemplify the only kind of creation anybody ever knew practically.

Three is a sacred number. Why? Because it exhausts the natural possibilities of a subject when looked at from a certain point of view. Every sacred number must do so. You cannot think of anything more than two great reciprocal forces of nature when you are thinking along that line. Three means the totality and completeness of living things; three means all humanity: every human being is one of three things—male, female, child. There is no other human being except the male, the female, and the result.

Trinities occur widely in the religions of the world. There are hundreds of them in the religions of antiquity and of the Orient. Most trinities are natural—male, female, and child. The trinity you have heard most of is unnatural. Think of a trinity composed of three male beings! Are the people who hold to such a trinity satisfied with it? Plainly no, because they have been revolting against it through the ages. Take the two great divisions of Christianity—what is the real trinity they worship. One of them has practically displaced that male trinity by another consisting of the Father, the Blessed Virgin, and the Son. In other words, the Catholic Church, in a semi-conscious way, is not satisfied with the trinity composed of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, equal in power and maleness.

How about the Protestant Churches? They have gone at the matter differently, but what is the modern Protestant trinity? It consists of a male Father, of a second member who in all his natural tendencies and character, is more female than male; and of a third member generally conceived as a bird, which stands for a child. Thus, even in Christianity there has been a harking back to a more natural conception of triune beings.

Four is the great sacred number among all peoples of the world, in all cultures. Why? There are four cardinal points—north, west, south, east. Do not say, "Oh, well, that is an accident". It is no accident. There have to be four. All the world over, black men, red men, brown men, yellow men, white men, recognize four cardinal points. Why should they? How many cardinal points would there be if men were shaped like balls or spheres? None, or one. Let us see; there would

be none, because there would be an infinite number of cardinal points, or there would be one, because there would be only one point of contact. There are four cardinal points because we are shaped as we are.

How does the idea of cardinal points arise? It arises when a man fixes some one point. I suppose man fixes the place of sunrise or sunset when he first thinks of definite place. The moment it becomes fixed in his mind and he thinks definitely looking in that direction, he must also think definitely of the north, the west, and the south. It would be possible to think of six. Some peoples do recognize six. The Pueblo Indians generally recognize six world directions—north, west, south, east, up, and down. Some peoples, but very few, think of seven space points—the Zuni, for instance, recognize north, west, south, east, up, down, and center—the here.

As four is sacred, there are four winds from the cardinal points, there are four quarters of the moon and four seasons of the year. As soon as a number is recognized as sacred, people delight to think other things into it. The Indians in their ceremonial, will smoke their pipe, north, south, east, west. The Pueblo Indians sprinkle sacred meal in their prayers—north, south, west, east, up, down.

Some of you may have been brought up in Orthodox Judaism. One of your most interesting ceremonials is the Feast of Tabernacles. You remember the worshipers carry the palm, the willow, the myrtle, and the ethrog, four things. When they go in procession, they go in a circuit, north, west, south, east. And you remember, they raise those four things to the north, west, south, east—perhaps to the up and down.

Seven is usually thought of as pre-eminently the sacred number. But it is the least important number of the lot. We find it, however, among a good many different peoples. I suspect it comes from dividing the month. You have had astronomy lectures; so I need not tell you the length of the month. Let us try to divide the month, between the north and the west and the south and the east. We get a seven-day period. We get a division of twenty-eight or twenty-nine by four, giving seven.

I once bought a scratcher from a medicine man among the Cherokee Indians. It was a rectangular frame, with sharp points projecting about a quarter of an inch beyond the frame. I dickered with him about it. It was a part of his trade and he did not care to sell it to me. Finally, he said, if you will let me scratch you with it, I will give it to you for nothing. On the whole, I thought I would rather pay him for it.

The frame was intended simply to hold the seven points in position. These were sharp and were made out of the bones of swiftly moving animals—deer, eagles, rabbits. This scratcher was used to scratch young fellows when they were going to take part in their first ball-game, a very important religious act in the life of the southern Indians. The boy that was scratched went to the medicine man, made his present, and told him he was going to take part in the ball-game and must be scratched. So the medicine man took the scratcher and performed the operation. He began with the base of the thumb of the left hand, dug the seven points well in, then drew the scratcher with force, down to the base of the great toe of the right foot. Then he began on the other hand and carried it down to the base of the great toe of the left foot. Then he began at the base of the left little finger and over the back and down to the base of the right little toe, and then at the base of the right little finger over the back and down to the base of the other little toe. Seven and four. Seven times four ought to be very potent magically. It was. The young man who had twenty-eight—four times seven

—scratches the full length of his body, went out and plunged into the cold water of the stream outside, and then was ready for the test of the morrow.

The last of the sacred numbers is 13. Why should 13 be a sacred number? Because there are thirteen months in the year. I do not need to discuss that with you, though often I have to meet objection. People tell me frequently there are twelve months in the year, but a scientific body that gathers here under the instruction of Mr. Lewis, year by year, in the study of that noble science of astronomy, knows the number of months in the year—thirteen.

Why is 13 unlucky among us? When people pass out of one religion into another, the thing that used to be sacred and holy becomes unholy. That is why 13 is unlucky with us. We passed out of a condition of religion where 13 was lucky and fortunate and sacred and beautiful, and we have become subject to a new religion that does not recognize 13 as a sacred number, but looks on it as bad, like all that comes over from the past.

In closing I shall call your attention to one of the most interesting (I sometimes call it the most interesting) materializations of human thought I know. It would be a subject for an entire lecture. I have never prepared that lecture, though I have often been on the point of doing so. There is a tangible, material object that embodies these sacred numbers and all the symbolism in them; it is the pack of cards.

How many colors are there in the pack of cards? Two, red and black, the colors of that old Oriental symbol. They stand for male and female. They stand for the dualism that runs through Nature. They stand for the reciprocal powers of Nature. They represent the sacred number two.

Three. There are king, queen, and jack. Jack is "knave" Of course this is a dangerous time to remind people of the existence of the German language, but in that language the word "knabe" means boy. Our word "knave" means the same thing. The king, queen, and jack are the father, mother, and child—the natural trinity.

Is the sacred number 4 present? Of course. There are four suits—each with its mark. Here is a very curious thing: the club and spade are male symbols, the diamond and the heart are female symbols, but the colors are reversed. In lower culture there is a strange inversion of male and female, and we have it represented in the inversion of the colors in the pack of cards.

Seven. I told you 7 is a relatively unimportant number, and it is not prominent in the pack of cards, so far as I can see.

Have we 13 there? Yes; there are thirteen cards in each suit. How much do the cards sum up? Three hundred and sixty-four. Why is there a "joker" in the pack of cards? Because there had to be, if they were to sum up the counting of time—365 days in the year.

In other words, the pack of cards is a very ancient device. It was never made to amuse a crazy king in France. It is far older. It sums up the sacred numbers and the philosophical ideas of early religion. Its first use was religious divination. And if you want to study the meaning of sacred numbers, and of sex, the meaning of color, and how men have put into tangible form through symbols, ideas they did not wish the common people to know too well. look at your pack of cards.



FREDERICK STARR

“THE FIRST MEN”

by

Frederick Starr

LECTURE BY

FREDERICK STARR

Professor of Anthropology of the University of Chicago

“THE FIRST MEN”

Delivered at The Studebaker Theatre

Under the Auspices of

The Workers University Society

Sunday Afternoon, April 13, 1919.

Chicago, Ill.

Chairman

ARTHUR M. LEWIS

Permanent Lecturer for the Society

ADDRESS OF PROF. FREDERICK STARR

At Studebaker Theatre, Chicago, Ill. Sunday, April 13, 1919

Subject: "The First Men"

In 1832, a Frenchman named Boucher de Perthes made an announcement which got him into a lot of trouble and began a battle which lasted through many years. Yet the announcement which he made was rather a simple one and today we would see no reason why anybody should take exception to it or get excited over it.

He had been in the habit of going out to certain gravel-pits in the neighborhood of Paris and, digging in these pits or watching other dig in them, had found, at one time or another, things that interested him. He found the bones of the mammoth, an old species of elephant larger than any modern elephant and quite different from any that now exists; he found the teeth and bones of the woolly rhinoceros; he claimed that he found in these same gravels, and apparently of the same age with those bones, objects that he said must have been made by man.

It does not seem as if that statement need have disturbed anybody. Yet, as a matter of fact, when Boucher de Perthes said that he had taken out of ancient gravels the bones of animals that no longer live, and the work of human hands, it called down a torrent of abuse upon his head. Two groups of people found fault with him. First, the theologians, the religionists of the day; second, the geologists. We do not usually think of the theologian and the geologist as pulling together in the same boat, but this time they distinctly were doing that very thing, and Boucher de Perthes found that he had no friends and that his two great enemies were the theologian and the geologist.

Now, why should the theologian have objected to this claim of Boucher de Perthes? Geology had begun to make itself felt. There had been a battle over the question as to how long the work of creation had taken. Finally, people had become accustomed to the idea that the world was not created in six days of twenty-four hours each. They began to realize that there was a long period of time lying back of six thousand years, during which the world was making.

But nevertheless, everybody thought in those days that in 4004 B. C., which in 1832 would have been 5836 years before, the Garden of Eden had been established, Adam had been placed there, Eve had been made out of the rib taken

from his side, and things human began. And so when Boucher de Perthes said that in these gravels, which the geologists claimed were many thousands of years old, he had found, with bones of animals that had ceased to live thousands of years ago, things made by man, the theologians cried: "This contradicts the Bible. It is impossible. The thing can not be thought of for an instant." And they began to abuse and revile the man who had said it.

And why should the geologist be disturbed? You must realize that the geologist of those days was a new geologist. He had not yet all the knowledge that geologists of today have. That was before the theory of evolution had been seriously considered; it was before the days of Darwin and Huxley; people did not then think of the animals and plants of the present time as having evolved from differing animals and plants living in an earlier age.

The geologist of that time thought of an almighty Being who created animals and plants and who created one set after another. He would blot out one set, and then make a new set; and then destroy them and make a new lot; each time his product was better, as if he was getting some practice in his work, and each time it was coming nearer and nearer to the forms that exist today, until finally the Almighty made the animals and plants of the present time, and with them, man, and put them into the world.

The geologist was as fixed in that idea as anybody could be in any idea. He believed in those successive faunas and floras and he had worked out what he called "the law of progression" that each fauna and flora was better, higher, more varied, more like the modern, than the fauna and flora that had gone before, and that no animal and no plant had lived over from one time into another time.

Such was the geology of the day, and so when Boucher de Perthes said that he had found in gravels which the geologist agreed were old and in which there were the remains of animals that no longer existed, objects which had been made by man, the geologist was as much outraged as the theologian, and said: "It is impossible. This ignorant fellow makes a claim that to science is preposterous. There can be no truth in this theory that man, a member of today's fauna, has lasted over from the time when animals that have been long blotted out were living."

You see, then, why these two parties, which usually, in those days, were not particularly friendly, united in their attack upon the common enemy. But Boucher de Perthes kept on with his digging. He kept on finding the bones of the

mammoth and of the woolly rhinoceros in the old gravels, and with then implements of flint which he felt sure were human handiwork. Little by little, people began to believe he was right and he gained some followers, but the battle against him was kept up.

Finally, in 1858 or 1859, the British Association for the Advancement of Science said: "We are getting tired hearing about this controversy over in France. We want to know the truth of the matter. Is it true that things made by man have been found in gravels with the remains of extinct animals?"

So they appointed a committee of scientific men who went to Paris and visited Boucher de Perthes. They examined the gravel beds; they found for themselves the evidence for the age of the gravels; they found the things that seemed to be the work of human hands. They finally made their report to the Association that had appointed them and said: "The gravels are really old; they antedate the present geological period; they contain the bones of animals now extinct,—the mammoth, the woolly rhinoceros, and other forms; and they contain things which unquestionably are the work of human hands." After twenty-seven years of battle, Boucher de Perthes, who made the claim in 1832, was vindicated in 1859 by this committee from the English body of scientific men.

So much for those objects. There were, however, people who were still doubtful. They did not like to go against the verdict of science, and yet they felt a remaining doubt. They shook their heads and said: "Yes, yes, it may be so; but if those things really were made by human hands, why do not we find the men who made them? If those beds will yield the bones of men, we will be convinced. So long as it is only these stone things, who knows but that Nature, by some strange operation, might have produced objects resembling the work of human hands? If real human beings made them, we should find the bones."

As a matter of fact, there was no really good reason why they should find the bones. There were some reasons why they should not. Sir John Lubbock advanced an argument showing why it was unreasonable to ask for the bones. He showed that the gravels in which Boucher de Perthes found these objects were gravels laid down by swollen streams, rushing with terrific force, carrying along great boulders and heavy pebbles. It would be impossible for human bones to be preserved in such gravel. Naturally, the only bones found in them were the big, heavy bones of the mammoth and rhinoceros. The bones of no being that has as tender and deli-

cate a skeleton as man occurs in those gravels, and we can not expect to find them there, because they would be destroyed in the pell-mell rush of waters that laid down the gravels.

He presented another line of reasoning. If these were really men who made these things, they were undoubtedly men in a condition of savagery. Such men would be hunters, and men dependent upon wild game always live in small groups. Such groups would have to follow the animals they were hunting. Sir John entered into a calculation as to the relative number of animals and human beings that would be represented in such a condition of life. He imagined a district in which there was abundant grass where little groups of three, four, six, ten, pursued the wild game from place to place; he worked out the relative proportion there would be in numbers between the animals on which they lived and the people themselves; he showed that there would be many hundreds of animals for every single human being living; searchers have not found the remains of hundreds of these animals, but only of very few; when we remember how few the men were in comparison with the animals, we can not expect to find many human remains. It would be remarkable to find any.

Sir John Lubbock presented still a third line of argument. We know of many places where there actually were hundreds of human beings living in comparatively early times, but we do not find their remains. For instance, among the lakes of Switzerland there used to live in villages a people called the lake-dwellers. We know there were many people there. The bottoms of the lakes are covered with the heaps of their rubbish. We find an abundance of their relics. No one doubts that those are the work of mankind. But we almost never find the skeletons of those people. As a matter of fact, even up to the present time, while thousands, millions, perhaps of objects have been taken out of the Swiss lake dwellings, it is exceedingly rare that there has ever been found a human skeleton or any part of a human skeleton at those Swiss lake village sites.

In other words, human bones are easily destroyed; they stand little chance of being preserved, and even in a district where we know there were multitudes of people, we find little, if any, skeletal evidence of their presence. It is not unreasonable to say that man existed, even though we do not find his bones; it is unreasonable to demand that we should produce the bones of those ancient men, in view of these facts.

His argument was a good one. Yet today, the bones have been found. The bones of many individuals have come out from those old gravels and sands or have been unearthed in caves used as homes by men during the glacial period. We have now plenty of these remains, and nobody today is worried about the absence of direct evidence of human beings living in that ancient time.

I must call attention to one or two of those human remains. Along in 1857, just about the time when Boucher de Perthes' findings were being recognized by science, there was an interesting discovery of bones. It was in Germany, in the little valley of the Neander, which is a stream that flows into the lower Rhine. In that valley, the Neanderthal, some workmen digging in gravels for ballast to be used in road building or for some similar purpose, at the mouth of a cave on the slope of the hillside, came upon some bones of a human being. I suspect the whole skeleton was there. I doubt if it was a burial. It may have been the skeleton of a man drowned by the flood that carried the gravel there. Practically all the bones were found, but some were lost through the carelessness of the workmen.

Dr. Fuhlrott, who lived in the vicinity, learned about the find. He heard that they had found a human skeleton in the gravel and he hurried to the place to see what had been found. When he examined the skeleton, it seemed interesting. Being a physician with some scientific training, he recognized the significance of the find. He believed that here were the bones of one of the old time men about whom there had been discussion, and so he announced his discovery.

He had the top of the skull, some of the ribs, part of the backbone, and some of the leg bones. But a large part of the skeleton was gone. The most interesting part of the find, and the thing that has been most studied and illustrated, was the skull-cap. It was an extraordinary thing. If you compare it with the skull of any man you ever saw, even the lowest type of humanity, you will be impressed with its peculiarities.

To begin with, it is extraordinarily long, longer, I presume, than the skull of any person here today. It is rather narrow across the forehead and very broad behind. Now, the human brain is related to human function, and a great development forward means intellectuality and a large development backward to the loss of forward development means brutality. This skull-cap from the Neanderthal was broad in back, narrow in front.

The Neanderthal skull has been often said to have no forehead, so low and retreating is the forehead. The most striking thing about it, however, is the heavy arches of bones over

the eye orbits, heavy ridges that bordered the eyes around to the outer edge of the skull, making a beetling brow which I am sure none of us would find in any human being of the present day.

When we look inside of the skull, we find on the interior several things of interest. First, the skull is thicker than any human skull of the present time is likely to be. In the second place, we learn from an examination of the impressions on the interior, that the brain itself was very simple and plain compared with the ordinary human brain, and that the fissures or clefts between the convolutions were exceedingly shallow.

In all these ways, the skull from Neanderthal was so low and brutal that there was an outcry when it was made known. When Dr. Fuhlrott claimed it as the skull of a man who lived many thousands of years ago in glacial times, people said: "How do you know? Perhaps he was buried there lately. You have no proof of the age." As a matter of fact, in that particular gravel there were no fragments of bones to help identify the age, but in another cave nearby in exactly similar gravel were found bones of extinct animals which indicates that this was of the same age.

The critics also said: "It is not a man's skull anyway; it is from a brute,—some creature not human." Dr. Fuhlrott stood his ground, and finally the objectors shifted theirs, and said: "Yes, we admit it is a human skull, but the man had something the matter with him. He was diseased or he was an idiot." Rudolph Virchow, for instance, claimed that the man was an idiot, plainly; no normal human being ever had such a skull.

But, in the course of time, they found so many other skulls of the Neanderthal type, in different localities of Europe, that everybody knows there was such a type, and that the Neanderthal man was not an idiot, or non-human, or diseased, but representative of an ancient type of man presenting many exceedingly brutal features in his anatomy.

Later on, in some of the caves, not so old as the gravel in which the Neanderthal man was found, but still of glacial age, they found an abundance of relics of old time man, and with them human remains. These remains are known as the Chancelade type, from a place called Chancelade. There was a skull from there, and skulls from several other places, all of which were of the same type. This gives us a new type, different from Neanderthal, but dating back to the glacial period. Chancelade man is a much better looking man,—with higher forehead, much more room for intellectual development, a more agreeable face to look at, but a curious face.

The head is long and narrow, but not broad behind, and well developed in front, with a crest down the middle and square jaws, so that if looked at from in front, it appears pentagonal. It had broad cheek bones, with a very short and broad face, so broad that they call that kind of a skull a disharmonic skull. It is a skull type that might have belonged to a man with a good deal of thought and ambition and dreams of power and achievement. This type we sometimes call the Chancelade-Cro Magnon, using the double term because there are two classes of this type, the older being the Chancelade, and the other a little varied from it, but all of them dating from the latter part of the glacial period.

So you see the two claims were both substantiated,—the claim made by Boucher de Perthes, that articles of human workmanship were found in glacial gravels, and the claim of Dr. Fuhlrott that man's bones were found in glacial gravels. This naturally divides what remains to be said on our subject into two sections. I shall talk first about the works of art that come out of that ancient time; and I shall speak, secondly, about the different types of man which so far have been found in glacial deposits.

First, I must say something about the glacial period itself. I presume everybody here knows there was a time in the world's history when ice and snow and cold weather continuing through the twelve months of every year were to be found in what are now temperate latitudes, both in Asia and Europe and in North America. There was a time when the ice sheet stretched well down into the area of the United States and Europe, until it reached into Switzerland on the one hand and into Illinois on the other.

There was, then, such a time of great ice development. The geologists tell us today that that great period represents a full half million years. I shall take for my estimates of time, Henry Fairfield Osborn's figures. He has lately written a very interesting book on the men of the old stone age. He is a good geologist and paleontologist. His interest in man and archeology is rather recent, but it is because he is a good geologist and paleontologist, that I shall give you his estimates.

He says that the glacial period began probably about 525,000 years ago—more than a half million years ago—that it came to an end about 25,000 years ago; in other words, that it lasted about a half million years, so that during a half million years a great part of these northern continents were sheeted with snow and ice.

However, it was not continuous in the sense that it was equally cold and equally extensive and developed through the whole period; no, the glacial period is divisible into alternat-

ing times in which there was great glaciation and in which there was moderation of climate. According to Mr. Osborn, we recognize eight divisions for these 525,000 years. First, the first glacial epoch, and then an inter-glacial period, the first inter-glacial; then a second glacial epoch and a second inter-glacial period; a third glacial epoch and a third inter-glacial period; and a fourth glacial epoch and the time since, which he calls post-glacial,—we might call it a fourth inter-glacial period, but that would suggest that there is another glacial period ahead, and we are not quite sure of that. So we will call this mild period in which we live, stretching back 25,000 years, post-glacial.

There are writers who think that man lived and that human relics are found, through the whole glacial period. Professor Osborn thinks not. He thinks man's relics, things that he made, are found only in the last quarter of the glacial period. That is to say, he thinks that the oldest relics of human handiwork we have date back about 125,000 years.

Let us see how that figures in with the little table I just gave you. How far back does that 125,000 year period take us? Only to the third inter-glacial period. Dr. Osborn thinks that all the relics of man are confined to the third inter-glacial and the fourth glacial epochs. Very good. We will look then and see what has been found during that period.

I will give you a list of eight periods of culture. We are talking of human development, of things that man has made. We are talking of a period that represents only one quarter of the glacial period, the last quarter, 125,000 years. We divide it into eight culture periods. We will begin at the top. You will understand the top is the newest. It is called the Azilian. It is only 25,000 years ago. Anything we find in the Azilian is not more than 25,000 years old. It is sometimes called the Azilian-Tardenoisian. Then next to it, further back, is the Magdalenian, and older than the Magdalenian is the Solutrean, and older than that is the Aurignacian, and older than that is the Mousterian, and older than that is the Acheulean, and back of that is the Chellean, and the oldest known actual relics of man, according to Osborn, are Pre-Chellean.

These are stages of culture. Each one of them is marked by differing things made by human hands; the man who has studied these relics can usually say, when he sees a given object: "This is probably Azilian; this is certainly Pre-Chellean; this is clearly and evidently Magdalenian." In other words, there are characteristic things found in these different periods of culture which the student can recognize, and there has been a wonderful development, from the rudest beginnings, things

that look scarcely like the work of man, to things that are splendid in the way of artistic achievement, during the glacial period.

I want to call attention to a few facts in this connection. Let us think of the Chellean man. This was practically the period of the things which Boucher de Perthes found. The Chellean man had one instrument that was his favorite. Among the Chellean objects in any museum, most are **haches**. A **hache** is a piece of flint the size of a human hand or less, the shape of an almond, chipped by blows, with a fairly sharp edge, all the way around. It was probably the utensil that Chellean man used for almost everything he did. He would use it to crack a hole in the ice, or to break clams or oysters open. He would use it to break bones to get the marrow. He would use it in killing a bear or a human being. In other words, it was a weapon and implement. It was his one important utensil.

When we get up into the Mousterian period, we find that our glacial man no longer threw away the flakes he struck off in shaping his **hache**. He took the flakes, sharp-pointed at one end, and sharpened it a little more, and made a "point"; from another flake he made a scraper for scraping skins. Solutrean man learned to chip flint beautifully. Probably he had advice from someone who came in from outside. Whether or not, he made beautiful points which have never been surpassed, which in their beautiful outlines, their delicate finish, and their fineness of material, showed a genuine art-spirit.

Coming down to the Magdalenian, and we are now getting pretty well into modern times, 30,000 or 35,000 years ago, we find that he did not make such good use of flint. He made plenty of scrapers, knives, points, but they were relatively crude; he was making new things out of bone and ivory and out of horn,—the horn of the stag, of the reindeer. More than that, he developed an art that was wonderful. The man of the Aurignacian, of the Solutrean, of the Magdalenian, was an artist. He loved representative art. And in speaking of the life of these cave-men, I shall call attention to two things, the art and the religion.

First, as to the art of this old time cave-man, the man of the Aurignacian, the Solutrean, the Magdalenian periods, the man of the latter part of the glacial age. The first art of this ancient period that students learned about was designs scratched or etched on bits of bone or horn or ivory. They found such things in the caves that the men of those days used as homes. They are crude things in a certain sense, but when you remember they were done with flint points—you find them there, plenty of them—they were pretty well done.

Among these scratched designs are representations of the horse, the deer, the reindeer, the ibex. The mammoth occurs more than once. In fact, one of the first of these things to attract attention was a piece of mammoth ivory on which was scratched the design of the mammoth itself, as ancient man used to see it in its lifetime.

This art, scratched on bone and ivory, horn and stone, with a point of flint, was the first that students knew from this old cave-man. It is wonderful art; it is true, it is done with a few lines, but it has real art spirit; it has naturalistic value; it is splendid work.

They did not know that there was anything else. They found a lot of those bits of horn and ivory and bone, scratched with etched designs, before they knew about the sculptures. However, a student named Piette, in studying caves in southern France found many carvings of ivory. The situation in which they were found seemed to indicate that they were older than the scratched designs. And the question arose, is it possible that these things are older?

People had been thinking of the outlines of horses and reindeer as simple things, because our own children learn early to make crude drawings. It seems very simple and natural. When you stop to think of it, it is very unnatural. It is not so evident and immediate that a man should draw a picture on a flat surface. Piette claimed that we must expect people to sculpture before they draw.

I imagine that is a good principle. I believe men did learn to make things in the round before they learned to draw on the flat. How does a man come to make representations of a human being or animal? I suppose Nature gives the first suggestion. We have all seen some bit of cliff or rock or surface that reminds us of something. We say: "That is much like an animal." And because it is not just like an animal, the eye not being clear enough or the mouth deep enough, we improve on it. Probably that is how representative art began. Man saw something that reminded him of something else, and he helped Nature out by supplying or filling in the lacking part.

In any event, Piette brought interesting things to light. He found representations of animals, cut out completely. He produced figurines of women cut out of ivory by those old time people.

These full sculptures were small pieces, but were not lacking in workmanship. Most interesting were the figurines of women. Those he found were ivory, but others have since been found elsewhere in limestone and steatite. All are crude in a way and none have the heads and faces well detailed. The outlines of the body are well done and there are some

peculiarities that give rise to questions of origin. Among some African peoples—the Bushmen and Hottentots—there is an abnormal development of the buttocks, which seems to be a racial character and is called *steatopygia*. It is customary too among Africa's dark peoples to fatten girls before marriage. African women too, after they have borne children and nursed them are apt to have flaccid pendent breasts. These figurines from the Southern French caves are notable for the pendent breasts, the enormously fat bodies and the overdeveloped buttocks. Because of these strongly marked characters it is thought by some students that the race making these little figurines came from, or was, influenced by Africa.

But then there came another discovery, the most astonishing of all. This is the wall art. There are caves in France, in the Pyrenean district and in Spain, where the walls are covered with pictures and carvings made many thousands of years ago—twenty-five, thirty, forty, fifty thousand years ago,—running clear back through the whole Magdalenian and indeed into the Aurignacian period.

When they were first called to public attention, people would not believe it. They said: "Somebody is playing a hoax; someone has gone there and, knowing we are interested in this sort of thing, painted these decorations on the cave walls to deceive us." But it was soon proved that there was no truth in such an explanation. Some of these decorations are covered with a delicate sheet of stalagmite that must have been formed during many years by Nature. There are places where we find the caves partly filled with many feet of deposit that accumulated during the latter part of the Magdalenian period; when we excavate it we find on the wall what is left of the paintings. Other caves have been sealed up for ages, yet when opened, show these paintings.

Again imagine a cave which you can enter easily enough today, but when you get in you find great deposits of Magdalenian age; after you have excavated those deposits you find that the cave has a passage, before unknown, going on deeper in the rock, and when you clean it out, you find these figures painted on the walls, incised in the rocks, representing the same kind of animals as the old time etchings and sculptures did. There is no question they are thousands of years old.

The different styles of this wall-art are interesting. There are horses carved on a frieze in high relief, each being about seven feet in length. In one of those caves is what is called by the discoverers "a procession of mammoths." The portion of this which I shall show you on the screen measures fourteen feet in length.

Sometimes there are simply scratched outlines, sometimes outlines deepened by cutting, sometimes shaded with color, sometimes filled with masses of colors,—red and brown and yellow and black, differing with the place. With small etchings, full sculptured figures and wall paintings, you see that Magdalenian art was really splendid.

Lastly, in regard to the life of the men of those early days, I shall say a few words about religion. Did those old time people have religion? At first it was thought that they did not, because it was believed they did not bury their dead. But they have found caves in recent years, showing that man, as far back as the Aurignacian period buried his dead, and with the dead person they buried his adornments, including his necklaces of teeth or shells or bones. No doubt the dead when buried were frequently stained with color, and dressed in their best clothes. I call your attention to the fact that even in the cave times they had needles with eyes, serviceable for sewing. No doubt clothing was made by sewing together the skins of the animals killed.

From the way we find rather large shells in connection with some of these burials, we suspect they sewed shells on the garments. The garments are gone, but from the position of the shells we feel sure they were sewed on to the garments. We find evidence of food supplies for the dead—bones of what plainly was meat meant for the consumption of the dead. From the fact that these things were buried with him, that the dead man had his implements and ornaments and food, we believe that these people had already the idea of life beyond death.

A curious thing in regard to the representation of human beings, aside from the figurines of women that I have mentioned, is the fact that they are badly done in comparison with the representations of the reindeer, mammoth and other animals. Why did not the cave-man make them better? Probably because he was afraid to do so. In other words, he had a terror of representing the human form. Every anthropologist knows something of that dislike of representing the human form which affects lower culture.

The question also arises why they made so much representation of animals. Was it just the gratification of an art-spirit? People today are beginning to believe that there was a magic idea here, and that in representing these animals the man thought he was gaining a power over them. I shall show you a picture of a bison with an arrow stuck into it. I suspect that when the man made that picture he believed he could control a real bison and bring him within the reach of his

weapon. In other words, I believe that the art we have described was not only beautiful and realistic but religious and magical as well.

Another curious thing is the fact that we sometimes find representations of the human hand. They differ in kind. It is easy to smear a hand with color and make an imprint on the wall of a cave. That is not very interesting. The interesting thing is that in these caves we find the silhouette of the hand on the walls. The hand was put against the wall of the cave, and then powdered pigment was thrown around it. So you see the hand outlined clear on a ground of color.

Almost all such hands are left hands. Do you see why that is interesting? We have other evidence that those people were right-handed, but the fact that most of these hands are represented in that way helps to prove that they were right-handed.

There is nothing religious about that. But in examining the impressions we usually find the fingers in a curious condition. Some have had one joint chopped off, some two, others three; in some scarcely anything but the thumb and part of the little finger are left. In a single cave are one hundred and fifty of these hand impressions. The people who made those silhouettes had lost joints from their hands. That looks religious. There are still savage and barbaric peoples who, when a person in the family dies, chop off a finger joint; there are still peoples living who, in making offerings to the sun or other divine beings, cut off a finger-joint as an offering. Here on these walls we find suggestions that these people, thousands of years ago, had these same ideas.

I shall exhibit a picture showing painted pebbles of the Azilian period, the latest of all, only 24,000 years ago. Piette found scores of these pebbles, marked with designs in yellow and red and brown. He imagined some of them were numbers; some of them were symbols, and those symbols would be understood by anybody today in barbarism or savagery. A circle with a dot in it, everybody understands is a sun symbol, but it is more than a sun symbol. Everybody knows what the cross as a symbol means. It did not begin with Christianity. The cross was a religious symbol thousands of years before Christianity. We have not time to go into their discussion, but a circle and a cross are symbols, a tree is a symbol, and a snake and a tree were symbols long before the Garden of Eden or before the snake tempted Eve to take the apple from the tree. On these ancient painted pebbles from the Azilian layers, we find those age-old symbols already at that time recognized as significant by people.

I could talk on all night in regard to the culture of the man of the glacial period, but I must say a few words in regard to the types. You remember the culture period represents only 125,000 years back in the world's history. Within that period of culture, there were three different types of man. I have mentioned one—the Neanderthal man, with his little stature, 5 feet 2 inches, his beetling brow, low forehead, long head and animal face. He did not even walk straight and upright; he had a peculiar bend of his knees, which caused a slouching gait as he walked. There is no question about it; the bones tell the story.

Then there is the finer type of Chancelade-Cro Magnon, going back into the Aurignacian. We have described it. There is also a third type—a type known only from two skeletons. They were dug out of a cave with five skeletons of the Cro Magnon type, but from a different layer. The type is called Grimaldi. It is about 5 feet 2 inches in height; it is distinctly *Homo sapiens*, but like the Negro in many ways; in fact, in so many ways, that we are almost certain that it came from Africa.

So we have those three types—Neanderthal, so different from our own that it must be considered a different species; the Chancelade-Cro Magnon, and the Grimaldi, the latter two so near our own type that they may be considered of our species.

In recent years there have been three most interesting things found in different parts of the world in deposits older than the culture period, older than 125,000 years. In 1902, in Java, a Dutch physician named Dubois, when collecting fossil bones of animals, found some curious things. There were four pieces in all; he found them at different times, but so near together and at the same level, that he believed the four pieces belonged to the same individual. One was a leg bone, one a skull-cap, and two were teeth. He described them. The world was widely interested. He called his find "*Pithecanthropus erectus*." *Pithecanthropus* means the ape-man, and *erectus*, standing upright. He believed it was an intermediate stage and described it as the "missing link" we have been waiting for so long. Today it is regarded as the lowest type of man we know anything about. It was better than the Neanderthal man in its movement; there was no slouching gait, but the erect position of ordinary men. But the brain was small. Neanderthal man in the west of Europe, had a big brain though of low type; this creature, *Pithecanthropus erectus*, had a small brain, bigger than a gorilla's, but less than that of any man of the present day.

The second object was found in 1907, in Germany, in some old glacial sands. It was a heavy jawbone, one of the largest, most curious, most peculiar jawbones ever seen. It is called the Heidelberg jaw, because found almost at the city of Heidelberg. It is different from any human jaw known and different from any animal jaw—heavy, thick, practically without any chin prominence, extraordinarily beastly in appearance, yet clearly human; it is probable that the individual who had the Heidelberg jaw could speak.

In the third place, only a few years ago, in England, at a place called Piltdown, they found some bones, first part of a skull, later a jaw. It was at first thought that they went together, but probably they do not. The jaw is probably that of a chimpanzee, not that of a man. The skull indicates a very primitive type of man.

The Piltdown man is believed to have lived in the third inter-glacial period. The Heidelberg man is believed to have lived in the second inter-glacial period. The Java man is believed to have lived in the first inter-glacial period. The Piltdown man is probably 100,000 years old, the Heidelberg man probably 200,000, and the Java man probably 475,000 years old. All antedate any relics of human handiwork, the period of culture not being known to go so far back. Physically, these three resemble a good deal the Neanderthal type, and are widely separated from the other, higher, types to which I have made reference.

Thus we have before us the oldest known men. Man in more than one species, existed during the glacial period, and some form or other lived throughout its whole extent. The Java man, the Heidelberg man and the Piltdown man, while human were not of our species and we have no knowledge of their cultural achievements. Within the culture period of 125,000 years we have three markedly different types—Neanderthal, which was perhaps not of our species, Chancelade-Cro Magnon and Grimaldi, both *Homo sapiens* like ourselves. That investigation will discover new types is likely and Science may still hold in reserve surprises as great as she has so far vouchsafed to us.



FREDERICK STARR

“The Modern World
Problem”

by

Frederick Starr

LECTURE BY
FREDERICK STARR

of the University of Chicago

The Modern World Problem"

Delivered at The Garrick Theatre

Under the Auspices of

The Workers University Society

Sunday Afternoon, April 27, 1919.

Chicago, Ill.

Chairman

ARTHUR M. LEWIS

Permanent Lecturer for the Society

PRESS OF
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JOHN F. HIGGINS

INTRODUCTION

Our thirteenth season, just closed, has been one of the most successful in our history. Our first and greatest thanks are due to Mr. Clarence S. Darrow. His opening lecture on the "League of Nations" gave us a splendid start and his three debates with Prof. Kennedy drew magnificent audiences. At the debate on "Will Socialism Save the World?", over seven hundred people were turned away. Mr. Darrow is the greatest publicist and debater on this continent and his services are one of the chief assets of our society.

I wish also to express our gratitude to Prof. Kennedy. It is hard to find a man willing to measure blades with Mr. Darrow, but Prof. Kennedy did it, and did it splendidly.

Another great cause of indebtedness to Mr. Darrow is, that through him we came to acquire the invaluable services of Prof. Frederick Starr.

Prof. Starr is the greatest living exponent of his own great science—Anthropology. We have had five lectures from Prof. Starr, and we are all hungry for more. You may be sure we shall arrange to hear the great Anthropologist often next season. Our publications of his lectures on "The Origin of Religion," and "The First Men" have had a large sale at 25 cents each and may still be ordered from me, as may the Darrow-Kennedy Debates and Darrow's great lecture on "Voltaire."

Next season has many things for us which are sure of a warm welcome by our audience. My own work will include a carefully prepared illustrated lecture on the most marvelous instrument ever invented—the spectroscope.

I am also preparing a finished production of a lecture on "Genius," which we shall make permanent in print. We shall also have illustrated lectures giving the results of my geological explorations of the Grand Canyon and the Yosemite Valley, assisted by Mr. Meltzer.

This with the lectures and debates of Friend Darrow, and the work of Prof. Starr, constitutes a program we may be proud of, and look forward to.

Our first grand opening of our fourteenth season will be in the Garrick Theatre on the first Sunday afternoon in November. All who receive this lecture through the mail will

now be placed on our mailing list, and notified of particulars about a week before the season opens. If you change from this address during the summer, please send me your new one.

While we have gained new friends and kept old ones, we have to mourn the loss of one of the finest and noblest our planet ever saw. The one great shadow of the year was the death of Prof. George Burman Foster, who left a gap in the intellectual life of Chicago which can never be filled.

ARTHUR M. LEWIS.

54 Burton Place, Chicago.

ADDRESS OF PROF. FREDERICK STARR

Garrick Theatre, Chicago, Illinois, Sunday, April 27, 1919

Subject:

“The Modern World Problem”

I take it that you all know, that I have traveled more or less in other lands, and I have been in some parts of the world where people do not so commonly go. It seems to me that in this League of Nations discussion, we forget the rest of the world, and so I decided to talk here this afternoon about “the rest of the world” and the League of Nations.

The world is large, and we have not time to talk about the whole of it, so I shall speak about three parts of it with which I am particularly familiar. I shall speak about Africa and its problems with reference to the League of Nations, Central America and its problems with reference to the League of Nations, and Japan and its problems with reference to the League of Nations. Then I shall call your attention to a few things that are essential in any League of Nations that is to do any good or to have any permanence or to be something to which the world can look back with pride.

I shall speak first in regard to the problems of Africa. There are three quite different populations living in Africa. In Northern Africa we have some dark peoples, who are not at all Negroes, nor related to them. They are related to us. The populations of Morocco, of Algeria, of Tripoli, of Tunis, and of Egypt, are not Negroes. They are not black men; they are not Africans in the proper sense of the word. They are peoples who belong to the same great race that most of you belong to.

The second population in Africa are the true Negroes; they live in a broad belt that lies south of the Sahara desert and stretches across the continent from one side to the other. I always think of it as stretching from the west coast, which I know fairly well, to the east coast, with which I am not familiar.

In the third place, are the Bantu-speaking peoples, who live in the southern part of Africa. We call them Negroes also, but they are not so dark in color. Instead of being purple black, like the people of Central Africa, in that Sudanese belt, they are chocolate-brown people. They talk languages closely related.

We have, then, these three different populations in Africa, and all of them have their problems. First, let us look at the north of Africa. I was in Morocco in 1912. I spent some days

in the city of Tangier; every day I used to go down to the Soko and drink the refreshing fruit waters. I used every day to buy a French newspaper and sit there at the table, reading. I was in Tangier when the Sultan left Fez.

You understand what that means? Fez was and long had been the sacred city and the capital of the Moroccan Empire, and when the Sultan left Fez to come down to Tangier, it meant that the old Moroccan Empire was passing. It meant that power had gone out of the hands of the Moroccans into the hands of the French. I was sitting there the very day that it was announced that the Sultan had left Fez; in the French newspaper I read that General Liautey, in his report to the French Parliament, said: "Gentlemen, I have done the task you told me to do here in Morocco. I have produced peace, and subdued opposition, but you will need 130,000 men for thirty years to hold what I have given you." (I have not the paper at hand but think my memory exact.)

That was in the days before the war, back in 1912, yet the French people gasped when they realized that they would have to keep 130,000 men in arms through a long period of years in order to hold Morocco, which had been pacified.

During this war, the Morocco situation has not been at all improved, nor has the situation in Algiers, in Tunis, or in Tripoli. You remember Italy seized Tripoli in 1911. She made some progress there. She spent many millions of dollars, she lost thousands of men in her Tripoli experiment, but at last her hold was fairly firm. What is her hold on Tripoli today, after the great war? The Italians barely hold the seaports along the coast, and the the interior of Tripoli has slipped away from them.

What is the situation in Egypt today? In Egypt there is turmoil and confusion everywhere, and it is taxing the British government to maintain order. The time is coming, and quickly, when it will require from the European nations many hundred thousands of soldiers continuously maintained in order to hold themselves in northern Africa.

Let us go to another part of Africa, the district of the true Negroes. Consider that belt that stretches from the west coast across to the east coast, south of the desert. Here you have big, stalwart black men,—real black men, with the purple-blackness. They are splendidly built; there is nothing the matter with their bodies, nothing the matter with their brains. These men have been for years now under white domination.

There are few West African colonies which will compare in splendor of development with Senegal. Let us look at Senegal. You know, thousands of Senegalese have been taken into France to fight in this great war. But in Senegal, in the days when I used to know the west coast of Africa, they were

very careful what arms got into the hands of the black man. When I was in the Congo, everything in the nature of firearms that was allowed to be placed in the black man's hands had to be numbered and listed. It was known just what he had, and how many cartridges. Careful track was kept of everything in the way of firearms.

That was in the Congo Free State. The same thing was true in Senegal. In both places there has been a force to preserve order, under white officers, made up of black soldiers, but they have been very carefully watched and guarded. Every gun was carefully marked, every man who had a gun was known, and the natives were allowed to have only poor, crude things in the way of firearms. Old flintlock muskets and shotguns and things of that kind were permitted in the hands of the black man not in the official force.

But what has happened now? To-day thousands of black men are going back to Senegal who have been instructed in the manual of arms, who have been taught to use the finest firearms that the world produces. They are being sent back with new ideas, with strivings and ambitions. They are being sent back accustomed for the first time to stand up successfully in the face of white men. They are being sent back by thousands.

What is going to happen in Senegal when these black men get back? Do you think Senegal can be held by the white rulers much longer? Do you think those people will consent to be exploited for the benefit of a people of a different color, living in a far distant country? Do you think those people will consent to be deprived of the arms to which they have now become accustomed?

Suppose their arms are taken from them. What can they do? Suppose they are stripped and disarmed. I will tell you. Those Senegalese are bright and shrewd enough and have mechanical ability enough to go back to the hinterland, out of the sight of the white man, and make what guns they need, after good patterns. There is plenty of iron, plenty of charcoal. All the things they need they can find, and they can make for themselves arms such as they have now been trained to use, and they will no longer submit to the kind of treatment to which they have been accustomed during the past years on the west coast of Africa. So the west coast of Africa presents its problems.

Now let us go to the south, where they speak Bantu tongues and have a splendid dark chocolate-brown complexion, more gentle faces and more delicate limbs. Are there any problems there? You understand the Germans have lost their colonies, the colonies of south-western Africa, occupied by Bantu speaking people. What is going to be done with those

colonies? If the men who are talking in Paris were statesmen, if they were really wise, if they appreciated the problems of Africa, they would insist on Germany taking her colonies back, because they cannot carry them. They are going to find the burden of Africa so heavy that it is going to require every dollar and every bit of power that Europe can spare to carry the burden, and instead of taking the colonies from Germany, real wisdom would insist upon Germany taking them back and sharing the burden.

But I have no expectation of anything of that kind being done. The German colonies are to be put under mandate to Great Britain. Of course, the black men have objected. Black men all over the world have poured in objections, written in good English, saying they do not wish mandates, that the time has come for "self-determination," and asking whether they have any rights in their own countries or not, and that they object to a mandatory. But it is probable that the mandatory will be given.

What other possible disposition could be made of these colonies? As a matter of fact, there are people in German Africa who are quite capable of self-control. There are plenty of tribes of Bantu-speaking people who know what they want and could get what they want if given the slightest chance. What I wish might be done would be to make a chance for some of those Bantu-speaking people to demonstrate to the world that they can govern themselves. It would be a splendid thing to do, but you need not expect it to be done; there is no probability of it.

So you see there are problems in northern Africa, among the dark faced people who talk the Hamitic languages, in the Barbary states and Egypt; you see there are problems among the true Negroes like those in Senegal; and you see there are problems among the Bantu populations like those in German South Africa.

I could increase the number of examples. I could put my finger down on any spot in Africa and show you its significance, but I am going to close what I say in regard to Africa with just a few words. First, I want you to realize how jealous and bickering the nations have been in regard to Africa. In 1884—a good date to remember—when they were dividing up the dark continent, they said: "Here, Portugal, you may keep so much; here King Leopold, you may have this much; here, France, you may take these territories." And England said: "We will keep these for ourselves and add these."

Germany, too, was permitted her share, and even Italy, as you know, has had a little slice of Africa, so that the only two pieces of Africa left in the hands of Africans—not in the

hands of Negroes alone—are Abyssinia, which is not Negro, and Liberia, which is. These are the only two bits of Africa which are left to their real owners. All the rest has been divided up by the powers of Europe among themselves.

How unscrupulous they have been, and how unscrupulous they are ready to be! It is very interesting to see how ready people—civilized nations, like Great Britain, and Germany, and France, and the rest of them—are to do things when they think it will profit them.

I have here a document sent me from Great Britain as part of the war propaganda. It is war news, issued for propaganda purposes. It is entitled "My Mission to London," by Prince Lichnowsky. This was distributed by the British. I wish to show you how the nations of Europe are interested in Africa and how oblivious they are to questions of right and justice. The incident I am about to read took place years before the war, but it illustrates how cautious England is in regard to the rights of other nations, like Belgium, for instance, and how cautious nations like Germany are in regard to the rights of other nations.

"The object of negotiations between us and England . . ."
(this was in 1912) . . .

"which had commenced before my arrival, was to amend and improve our agreement of 1898, as it had proved unsatisfactory on several points as regards geographical delimitation. Thanks to the accommodating attitude of the British Government, I succeeded to making the new agreement fully accord with our wishes and interests. The whole of Angola up to the twentieth degree of longitude was assigned to us . . .

(Portugal's territory assigned by Great Britain to Germany . . .)

"so that we stretched up to the Congo State from the south; we also acquired the valuable islands of San Thome and Principe, which are north of the equator and therefore really in the French sphere of influence, a fact which caused my French colleague to enter strong but unavailing protests.

"Further, we obtained the northern part of Mozambique; the Lincango formed the border.

"The British Government showed the greatest consideration for our interests and wishes. Sir E. Grey intended to demonstrate his good will toward us, but he also wished to assist our colonial development as a whole, as England hoped to divert the German development of strength away from the North Sea and Western Europe, to the Ocean and to Africa.

" ' We don't want to grudge Germany her colonial development,' a member of the cabinet said to me.

"The British Government originally intended to include the Congo State in the agreement, which would have given us the right of pre-emption and enabled us to penetrate it economically. We refused this offer nominally in view of Belgian susceptibilities."

Why have I read this? The division of Angola was interesting. The readiness with which they sliced up poor little Portugal's territories and gave them to each other was interesting enough, but the point of special interest is this: Remember England's interest in and friendship for Belgium; remember how careful she professes to be of Belgian rights. And then remember that this is an official statement made by a man at the time Ambassador to London, and published under the auspices of the British.

In other words, they were ready to divide up Belgian possessions and were willing to give an area eighty-one times as large as Belgium itself over to German control and penetration. Is it not interesting how valuable Africa was? And it is going to be just as valuable in the future as in the past. I believe there is going to be just the same heartlessness and arrogance in its division and handling in the future as in the past.

The second point to which I wish to call attention in regard to Africa and the world problem is this: The saddest hour of the war has not yet come. The really saddest time will be when the relations of debtor and creditor become emphasized. You know what a debtor is and what a creditor is. You know it is always an unpleasant relation. Ah well, the time is coming when the relation between debtor and creditor is going to become evident. Just now there is great friendship, there has been co-operation and union of forces; they have been under one control; they have been uniting for common ends; but wait until after peace is made, wait until poor France, so bleeding, so frightfully harried, so dreadfully treated, is unable to pay her bonds to England. Wait until she hesitates about her interest; wait until she says: "We are sorry, but we must defer the payment of this interest." The time is coming and it will not take long for it to come.

And Belgium? Poor Belgium, living on English bounty through these years, receiving from England the support for her court, for her government, throughout the period of the war! Well, the war ends, and with the ending of the war all these little ties become forgotten, and the thing that becomes prominent is: "You owe money. Pay it. Where is the interest on the loans I made you?" That is the really critical time; that is the saddest moment; that is when human nature is going to show itself.

You know there was a prevalent idea a few months ago that this great war was going to make angels of us all. It does not look like it to-day. A few months ago everything was going to be beautiful, the lion and the lamb were going to lie down together in perfect harmony, everything was going finely. Very good. But wait until the time to pay comes, and those who owe cannot pay. Then England will say: "Very well, if you are bankrupt, if you cannot pay your debts and keep up your interest, we will take your possessions in Africa." France has a splendid empire in Africa. She will not be able to carry it on after this war is over. She will not be able to maintain herself over that wide area. If 130,000 men for thirty years made her shiver in 1912, think of her attempting to carry the African burden in 1920, and 1921, and 1922.

So Great Britain will say: "Well, if you cannot pay your interest, we will take it out in land. Give us your African empire." But her African empire is France's greatest pride and joy. Will she want to give it up? And Britain will say to Belgium: "Poor Belgium, we are sorry for you, but you cannot expect us to wait forever for payment. We need money ourselves. Our people are clamoring for enterprises to be undertaken, for progress to be made. If you cannot pay, you cannot expect to keep a valuable territory like the Congo. Turn it over to us."

And suppose Great Britain got all of Africa. Suppose she receives the Congo and the French possessions in payment of bad debts. Suppose she tries to carry all these African burdens. If Great Britain saddles herself with much more of Africa, she will go down with an absolute and final crash.

I want to read a passage from my own little book before I leave the subject of Africa. It is quoted from Sir Harry Johnston, a man who knows Africa, who has been an administrator of British Government there and is an acknowledged authority. The things I shall quote were said when he was hitting Leopold and the Congo rule, but what he says is very true in its application to the matter I am discussing.

"Were it otherwise, any attempt at combination on their part would soon overwhelm us and extinguish our rule. Why, in the majority of cases, the soldiers with whom we kept them in subjection are of their own race. But unless some stop can be put to the misgovernment of the Congo region, I venture to warn those who are interested in African politics, that a movement is already beginning and is spreading fast, which will unite the Negroes against the white race, a movement which will prematurely stamp out the beginnings of the new civilization we are trying to implant, and against which movement, except so

far as the actual coast line is concerned, the resources of men and money which Europe can put into the field will be powerless."

That was in 1906, and if it was true in 1906, how much truer is it to-day, because Africa is wider awake to-day than she was in 1906.

Next I will read a quotation from the newspapers of March 4, 1906:

"Sir Arthur Lawley, who has just been appointed Governor of Madras, after devoting many years to the administration of the Transvaal, gave frank utterance the other day, before his departure from South Africa for India, to his conviction that ere long a great rising of blacks against the whites will take place, extending all over the British colonies, from the Cape to the Zambesi. Sir Arthur, who is recognized as an authority on all problems connected with the subject of native races, besides being a singularly level-headed man, spoke with profound earnestness when he exclaimed in the course of the farewell address: 'See to this question. For it is the greatest problem you have to face.' And the solemn character of his valedictory warning was rendered additionally impressive in the knowledge that it was based on information beyond all question."

So there is Africa, practically left out of all consideration by the wise men at Paris, without any thought given to her needs, without any consideration of her wishes, being bound for the future under mandatories not of her own choice.

Let us come next to Central America. My reason for taking Central America is that last Fall I made a little visit down into Guatemala, one of the Central American republics. It stands in this argument for the whole of Latin America. I only center the argument upon Central America because we have limited time, and it would only confuse you if we tried to bring up too much.

Central America is composed of five little republics—Guatemala, Honduras, Salvador, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica. They are about the size of four Ohios. Taken all together, they have something more than five million people. It is not a large area. It is not a large population. The United States could easily march a great army into Central America and crush out those people totally and absolutely. They do not count for much in point of largeness, in point of power, or as a great danger to the United States. But Central America has its problems and they are world problems.

Let us look at two of these little republics. Let us take Nicaragua and Costa Rica. First, I want to read you a splendid

utterance delivered in the American Senate on January 22, 1917, only two years ago. The person who made the statement called it an "American principle." We are Americans and this is an American principle; it is fine, splendid:

"No nation should seek to extend its policy over any other nation or people, but that every people should be left free to determine its own policy, its own way of development, unhindered, unthreatened, unafraid, the little along with the great and powerful."

A grand utterance. It was made by President Wilson.

Let us consider Nicaragua. The President of Nicaragua in 1906 was a man named Zelaya. There are two parties in Nicaragua, the Liberal party, containing three-fourths of the total population, and the Conservative party, containing about one-fourth. Under ordinary circumstances, with real elections, there would continuously be a Liberal President in Nicaragua.

Zelaya was a Liberal President, representing about three-fourths of the people of the republic. This was in 1906. There had been some petty trouble in Central America between different states, and the United States had interfered, had landed some men, and tried to put an end to the trouble. After a good deal of argumentation, the United States said: "Let us have a conference." The result was that all the states except Nicaragua sent delegates to Costa Rica to attend the conference which was to make perpetual peace in Central America.

President Zelaya said: "No, I will send nobody to Costa Rica." Why not? He said: "As President of Nicaragua, I am unwilling to recognize the right of the United States to interfere in Central American affairs." Now Nicaragua is a little country, you know, but Zelaya represented three-fourths of the population. He was the representative of the Liberal party, duly elected President. He said: "I will take no part in the Costa Rica conference, because I do not recognize the right of the United States to interfere in Central American affairs."

Poor man. It sealed his fate. The meeting took place down in Costa Rica and afterwards there was a meeting held in Washington with great hurrah. In that Washington meeting, Nicaragua took her part, for it was different from the other. It was not a direct interference; it was a meeting of Central American representatives to plan Central American progress, under the encouragement of our State Department. It took place and produced some good. I will tell you two things it did. It devised an international office at the City of Guatemala which was to distribute information regarding the Central American republics,—a very good idea.

In the second place, it organized an international court. The site of the court was to be in Costa Rica; it was to be a court international with regard to Central America; it was to deal with questions that arose between the Central American states, or between any Central American state and the outside world. It was a splendid idea. Mr. Carnegie hailed the forming of this court and built a nice marble building down in Costa Rica at a cost of a hundred thousand dollars for the court to meet in, and things started off beautifully. It looked as if peace had come. Here was a League of Nations between the little Central American republics.

But Zelaya's words still rankled. He was felt not to be friendly to Washington. There happened shortly afterwards a revolution in Nicaragua—quite an unimportant affair. Zelaya would have had no trouble to put it down, but for the fact that the United States forbade him to take proper measures to assert his authority over the revolutionists, and the result was the man was rendered powerless and resigned his office; another man, who it was believed might be approved by the United States—Dr. Madriz, an excellent man—took his place.

But no, by this time the United States was committed to the revolutionists. It was committed to the Conservative party, representing only one-fourth of the population of the country. It said: "We will not have Madriz; no, we will hold an election under our own eyes. We will see precisely how it is conducted, and whoever is elected President we will recognize as President of the country." And at that, the Liberal party said: "We will take no part in an election supervised and manipulated by a foreign government."

The result was that three-fourths of the population stayed at home, and the other fourth, who were the allies of the United States in this rebellion I have spoken of, which the United States prevented from being put down, had no difficulty in having their man seated in power. Of course, the United States has stood right behind him, and so they have had a Conservative President ever since. That was back in 1909, and from 1909 down to the present time, Nicaragua has always had a Conservative President, although three-fourths of the people are Liberals. Isn't that an interesting situation?

Notice; when Zelaya was President, there was money in the treasury; the financial condition of Nicaragua was not bad. But when this new party came in and were put in control it began to loot the treasury. Soon there was no money left, and then their great and good friend said: "Don't let that concern you. The New York bankers will let you have money." Wasn't that nice? A nation that had not been in bad financial condition, by making friends with us presently

put itself in a condition where it had to borrow from New York bankers. Well, it borrowed and it has been in debt ever since.

More recently, the people rose in revolt against the party in power. That was in 1912. In order to support our man's authority, we landed marines in the capital of Nicaragua. We have kept them there and our creature has been ruling there ever since, representing probably to-day less than one-fourth the people of the country. During that time they have gone on in debt, heavier and heavier, until at last they could not pay their interest. That opens up another chapter in the story.

But before we go any further, let us look at the Panama canal a minute. It was a great structure and cost a vast sum of money. The government at Washington knew all about the different routes for an isthmian canal. Personally, I have always believed that the Panama route was not a good one. I have believed that the Nicaragua route was better. I believe that Washington had full information to that effect before it all the time, and yet we built by the Panama route. I shall not tell you why, because it would rake up quarrels about the dead; so we will let it pass. We will merely say that the Panama canal was not the best canal we could have built. The Nicaragua canal would have been better.

Now, of course, the Panama canal is built. After it was built, we began to think we would build a Nicaragua canal too, so that in case of war, if one were blockaded the other will be open. We are thinking seriously of the second canal, and as soon as we get through with the Victory bonds and the other issues which lie ahead, they will begin telling us it is essential we should build the Nicaragua canal.

So, in 1916, when Nicaragua was pretty hard up, we said to her: "Your case is practically hopeless. You cannot pay the interest on your debt, let alone the principal. We will tell you what we will do. There is the San Juan river and the lakes. We may sometime decide to build a canal through there. We talked of it fifty years ago and twenty years ago, and we are thinking of it again. Give us the San Juan river and the lake, with the pledge that we may build the canal when we are ready, and give us over in the splendid bay of Fonseca a little island for a naval base, and we will lend you the money to pay your interest and put things on a new basis."

The result was that Nicaragua, having a President of our choice, maintained by our bluejackets who had been kept there since 1912, said: "Very good, we will give you the right of way and will sell you the island and take the funds to pay the interest on the money we owe you."

"No nation should seek to extend its policy over any other nation, but that every people should be left free to

determine its own policy, its own way of development, unhindered, unthreatened, unafraid, the little along with the great and powerful."

Could words be better?

Now for Costa Rica. Costa Rica is the best of the Central American republics. It has always been an orderly nation; it has always been industrious. The land is in little parcels, and the people cultivate their own soil. There has rarely been difficulty of any serious kind in Costa Rica. For forty years they did not have a revolution,—an unheard of thing, almost, for Central America. In other words, Costa Rica is an honest, hard working, decent little republic. Such was the condition of affairs when the United States said to Nicaragua: "We want the right of way by the San Juan river and the lakes, so that when we get ready to put our canal across we can do so, and we want a foot-hold on an island in the bay; sell them to us and we will fix you up."

Costa Rica had had a many years' debate with Nicaragua about the rights of the San Juan river, which borders both nations. Costa Rica had had a decision given her by European judges, but Nicaragua would not accept that decision. So they appealed to the United States. During the administration of Grover Cleveland the whole matter was referred to the United States, Grover Cleveland was the judge, and he gave a clear-cut decision that was just and honorable, and all that could be asked. It satisfied Costa Rica, it was accepted by Nicaragua, and time passed.

Now (it was in accordance with that decision of Grover Cleveland in the United States that Costa Rica said: "We cannot permit Nicaragua, without our consent, to sell the right of way through the San Juan river, which belongs to us just as much as to her, and we point to the decision of your own great President."

"Well," they said, "here is a case for the Central American court." Remember, it was a court which we had foisted upon them, a court which we had encouraged them to establish. So they brought it up before that court.

At this time, another little republic down there came into the case. Salvador, too, is pretty good, much better than Honduras and Nicaragua. Put them in the order of decency, of law and progress, Costa Rica comes first and then Salvador.

The gulf of Fonseca touches Nicaragua, it touches Costa Rica, and it touches Salvador. Any island in that bay command the shores of Salvador, and Salvador said: "We object to giving away any naval base in Fonseca bay, even to the United States, because it threatens our coast; we cannot with equanimity see any nation, no matter how honorable and friendly, sweep our shores from their naval base."

So there came before the court these two cases, on the part of Salvador with reference to the island, and on the part of Costa Rica with reference to the river. The court met and considered the cases and gave a scholarly decision; it was against Nicaragua and the United States. Yet Nicaragua, backed by the United States, refused to recognize the decision of the court. Think of it! A League of Nations, formed to produce perpetual peace, vanishing in thin air, because the United States encouraged Nicaragua to refuse to accept the decision of the court.

Well, Costa Rica said: "What is the use of a court if its decision carry no weight?" And so Costa Rica refused to continue a member of the court, and the court is no more, because a protegee of the court, under the instigation of the United States, declined to recognize its decisions. Why keep up the expense of a court, if it is a mere plaything, whose decisions carry no weight?

Unluckily, in 1917, there was a revolution in Costa Rica, the first one in forty years. There was not a single life lost; it was a bloodless revolution. The Secretary of War came to his office one morning and the President came to his office. All looked peaceful, when the Secretary of War sent in word to the President, saying: "I have decided to act in your place. I have seized the power. You are no longer President." "Very well," the President said, "I do not see what I can do about it." And so he took his hat and went home, and a little afterwards he went to New York, where perhaps he is now.

Well, if you are going to have a revolution, you could not have a better and more quiet one. But Mr. Wilson said: "I will not recognize President Tinoco." Remember, the revolution was over purely local matters; it was over questions of judgment between different parties in the republic; there can be no question Tinoco represented the majority of the people. But Mr. Wilson said: "I will not recognize him."

Of course, it is a serious matter when Mr. Wilson does not recognize the President of a little Central American republic. The Costa Rica Congress thought to satisfy Mr. Wilson; so they met and legalized the administration of the new President, but Mr. Wilson still refused and has not recognized President Tinoco.

When I was in Guatemala a newspaper man came to interview a certain Costa Rica general who was in the country and asked: "How is Tinoco doing?" "Oh, very well," the general replied: "But President Wilson has not recognized him." "Well," said the general, "I won't say more than just this: every Latin American republic except three has recognized President Tinoco." Let me name those three: they are Panama, Nicaragua, and Cuba.

I do not know whether you recognize the full force of that fact,—that Panama, Nicaragua, and Cuba have not recognized President Tinoco while the whole of the rest of Latin America has done so. Mr. Wilson has not, and it is because Mr. Wilson has not that Panama, Nicaragua, and Cuba have not.

Also, while in Guatemala, I was told that Nicaragua had sent a special ambassador to the other three republics—Guatemala, Salvador, and Honduras—urging them to join with her in bringing united pressure to bear against Tinoco and to unseat him. This was apparently instigated by the United States, and it is pitiable to think of our great nation pursuing underhanded methods in a battle against an individual, the President of a sister republic.

In the light of those splendid words of Mr. Wilson, I want to call your attention to the story of our aggression as it has actually taken place. It does not make much difference what parties are in power; it does not make much difference who is President, or whether it is time of peace or time of war—we go right on.

Under McKinley we took Cuba and Porto Rico and the Philippines. You tell me we do not own Cuba. The Platt amendment ties the hands of Cuba forever and makes her absolutely non-sovereign. We have as tight a grip on Cuba as if we named her President. And poor Porto Rico. How the Porto Ricans would like to know their status in the world! They have begged to know, they have demanded that we define their position, they have pleaded that we tell them what we propose to do with them. In their despair, when the talk of self-determination and League of Nations began to be rife, they went over our heads and appealed to a member of the British House of Commons that he should aid them in getting their status defined. They wanted to send a representative to Paris. I do not know whether he could obtain a passport; and if he did, it would not have done them any good. Poor little Porto Rico. They never asked us to take them. They begged us to give them up. They entreated to know what they were. They do not know anything about it even yet, after twenty years.

And the Philippines. Of course, the Philippines were a republic—a properly constituted republic, with a President who was a real patriot, as everything has shown since,—with a cabinet of officials, with an army in the field who were our allies in the capture of Manila. They are still pleading for independence.

So you see back under McKinley's administration there was aggression. And under Roosevelt? Why, Roosevelt, before

he died, took considerable pride in admitting that he "took" Panama. We did not say so at first when minds were agitated and excited, but of course the United States took Panama. It was under Roosevelt's administration, too, that we began to interfere in the affairs of the Dominican Republic, and we have administered them ever since.

I do not imagine you know how many subordinate nations we have now under our protecting wing. The Dominican Republic is one of them. The finest building in the Dominican Republic, that cost more than any other, is the building in which our customs collectors have their offices. It was built with Dominican money for the use of American officials.

Under Taft this adventure in Nicaragua began, poor Zelaya was driven out and the blue jackets were landed. And the administration has continued under Wilson. The grasp on the Dominican Republic is now tighter than ever. Haiti—with no declaration of war by the United States Congress—has been seized and is being administered in every detail. So we have coerced Cuba, Porto Rico, the Philippines, Panama, the Dominican Republic, Haiti, Nicaragua and Costa Rica. There are men to-day who are urging the Paris wise men to give us the mandatory over Mexico.

I was in Cuba at the time of the last election. Was the man who was actually elected counted in? The man whom the United States wanted there was seated. Do words mean anything?

"No nation should seek to extend its policy over any other nation, but that every people should be left free to determine its own policy, its own way of development, unhindered, unthreatened, unafraid, the little along with the great and powerful."

Our third topic is the Far Orient. I should like to talk about Japan and Korea and China and India and the Pan-Turanian movement, but there is not time. I should like to discuss the whole question of Korea, which is a very delicate and serious one; but I shall consider only Japan and Japan from the point of view of the rest of the world.

You remember, not so long ago Japan was a happy nation, living its own life, unthreatened and unafraid. Then it began to be threatened and afraid, and it shut its doors to keep other nations out. There came a time when we were anxious for her trade. We sent Commodore Perry over there, under President Fillmore, who told him he must not use force but might make a show of force; and the result was that, threatened and afraid, Japan opened its doors to the outside world. Of course, Japan has made remarkable progress in some ways. I think she paid a hideous price. I think she was better off and happier in her old days. I think it was a calamity for her to

take on the white man's ways. But she had to do it or die, and so I say to the Japanese: "You paid a dreadful price, but the choice was to pay the price or die as a nation." They paid the price; they changed their ways; they adopted western customs; they adopted railroads and steamboats and telegraphs. They have made remarkable development in a thousand directions, until to-day there is no nation that surpasses Japan in the externals which make up western civilization.

Japan struggled through the years for recognition. After she opened her doors and began her career of westernization, after she began to pay the price for being allowed to live, she was still subjected to many hardships. For instance, cases involving foreigners could not be tried in her courts; consular courts were established. She was hampered in a hundred ways by the fact that she was not regarded as an equal. So she went on year by year, making one change after another, until finally she was received into the full comity of nations.

Then came the year 1894, with its great war with China, and Japan came out victor. It was a quarrel over Korea, but the whole question of eastern Asia was involved.

Ten years later, came the great war with Russia. Again Japan was victor and became one of the first nations of the world, recognized as of first rank.

Japan has gone in fifty years from a nation that had no place in the world to a nation of first rank. One would think she might have plenty of friends after making such sacrifices. One would think, after the price she has paid, that European nations, and white nations generally, would be vying with each other to show their affection and regard for her.

What friends has she among the nations? The Japanese have always looked upon us as their friend. They have always considered us in the light of a teacher; they have looked up to us as a big brother; they have always turned to us as an example in many respects. The Japanese have patterned after the United States; they have admired our bigness and enterprise and wealth and our individual good nature. I have traveled through Japan many hundreds, thousands, of miles and have never had one unkind word or one unkind suggestion on account of the fact that I was a foreigner. How many Japanese have traveled widely in the United States and never had one word of contempt or of disagreeable character hurled at them? I do not imagine there is one.

Very good. That is the attitude of Japan toward us. It is true Japan is crowded and her surplus people would like to drift away to easier fields for labor. We have shut them out. Japan does not object to being shut out, but she does object to be shut out when others are let in. Japan is a very proud

nation. It cuts to the quick to have a distinction made, between herself and others, after the price she has paid.

But there is nothing in our relations to cause war between the United States and Japan, and, left to ourselves, there would never be a war between the United States and Japan. But we are not her friend. Individually, we are friendly enough, but as a nation we suspect Japan. We delight to read the most lurid statments in regard to her alleged dastardly and wicked enterprises in the newspapers. We are always anxious to hear something damning about her.

What other nations are her friends? Germany never was her friend. It was the Kaiser William who spoke of the "Yellow Peril." It was he who instigated the taking away from Japan of her victories of 1894. France is no friend of Japan. There are many ways in which the French are like the Japanese. I think the French understand the Japanese better than any other European nation does, but they do not love them. They are not friends.

Is England a friend? Oh, no. Between Great Britain and Japan there loom up some difficulties which, when peace comes, are bound to produce trouble. In the first place, Japan is expanding with her interests and industries into China and her next field of natural expansion and development will be the Yang-tsze valley. But the Yang-tsze valley is the British sphere of influence. As far back as 1915, newspapers in Japan were saying: "In the Yang-tsze valley England is becoming not only a commercial rival but a political obstacle."

There is trouble coming over Hong-Kong also. At the beginning of the European war, Japan took Kiao-chow, the German city in China. What was her excuse for doing so? She said: "It is intolerable that a piece of China should be occupied by a European nation, without China's free consent; if fortified it becomes a danger to us." Once you admit that point, think of Hong-Kong! Hong-Kong is perhaps the strongest fortified place in the world. It is the very heart of British military delight and pride. Hong-Kong is as open to seizure, and should be, for the same reasons as Kiao-chow was, and the Japanese begin to feel so. If they were right in taking Kiao-chow, because it was a fortified city in their neighborhood, they must think of Hong-Kong in the same way. It ought not to be there. It ought to be back in the hands of China. What right is there for a great English fort in Chinese waters, menacing and threatening not only China, but her neighbors.

In the third place, Japan's greatest asset at the present moment, and the most promising thing for the near future, is Indian trade. The Japanese have believed that when the war is over, Great Britain will put up the barriers. They believe

promises have been made to Australia. They consider the Indian trade threatened. They know the natural evolution of India will probably be crippled for the benefit of her white owners.

These three things are much more serious than anything that lies between the United States and Japan. They are calculated to precipitate difficulties between Japan and England. But do you think that Great Britain will fight the war growing out of them? She did not fight against Russia back in 1904; she could get Japan to do it. When Great Britain's war in eastern Asia has to be fought, there is danger that it will be us who will have to fight the war.

Yet it is not our quarrel; it is not our game. There is no reason why we should destroy Japan. There is no real basis for a war between Japan and us.

I shall now speak very briefly in regard to the League of Nations. We have led up to it along three lines.

What is essential for a League of Nations? Words have meanings, and we have no right to use words in a sense different from their true meaning. This is a splendid time for words. I have given you a sample of them. Let me call attention to some other fine words we hear a great deal of nowadays. Democracy—it is a beautiful word. Pitiless publicity—what does pitiless publicity mean? Why, it means a publicity in which there is some danger; it means a publicity which may put some parties to embarrassment. Otherwise it is not pitiless. How much pitiless publicity do we have?

Justice—justice concerns two parties. A thing may be just to us, but it is not truly just unless it is just with regard to Nicaragua and Costa Rica as well. Justice is even-handed.

Self-Determination. Personally, I do not see any improvement in that word, Self-Determination, over Liberty and Independence. Only these are old-fashioned words, and to-day we seem to want new-fangled words to express our thoughts. So Self-Determination is among the fine words that we hear constantly.

Let us see what is possible after this great war. There are several things in the way of leagues and alliances possible after a war such as we have passed through. First, most natural, what the world has always seen, is the conquering nations imposing their will upon the conquered and signing a treaty of peace. That is natural, that is human nature, that is no worse than has always been done heretofore. It is the thing that could have been done most promptly, most easily. How long was it necessary for making peace with Germany? How long did it take us to make peace at the end of the Civil War? There is always danger of injustice, there is always danger of brutality, but when the conquerer comes to impose peace, he

realizes that he must be reasonable or he defeats himself. That was one possibility,—the orderly, natural, regular way of procedure was for the conquerors to impose their will upon the conquered.

There is a second method. If there were a few nations big enough, they could unite and over-ride the whole world and arrange things to suit themselves. That is entirely possible. I do not say it is wrong. It might, perhaps, be a solution. It would bring about a condition for which we are all pining; namely, real peace. The number of nations that could unite in such control might be very small, two or three or four. I had the privilege recently of hearing Captain Carpenter, the hero of Zeebrugge. He was in this city talking and I was in a party of perhaps two hundred men. They were men of education, men who think and talk of Democracy and Self-Determination a great deal, a great deal more than I do, in fact, because I want to use words that I can stand behind, and I do not profess to be an angel.

To come back to this gathering: there were perhaps two hundred present, all Americans, and when the hero of the evening came in and took his seat, we all rose to do him honor. We were supplied with printed slips of paper and asked to sing: "God Save the King." Wasn't that interesting? True Democracy! Well, I am no singer; I never sing anyway. So it was no trial to me to keep my mouth shut. After dinner, in the course of his speech, he said: "Gentlemen, what we want is not a League of Nations; what we want is an alliance between Great Britain and the United States, and in the face of such an alliance I should like to see the yellow dog that would dare to stand up."

Did he mean Japan? I do not know, but I hardly see what other application "yellow dog" could have right then and there. Well, of course such a thing is possible. The United States and Great Britain, in a firm alliance, might run the world for twenty years. It would not last much longer. But for twenty years they might.

But there is a third thing, and it is this thing that has been talked about. It is this thing we have been fed on and have heard heralded in tones of every kind,—a League of Nations, democratic in character, based on justice, working for peace through self-determination.

Of course, we do not have to use these fine words, but if we do use them we ought to think what they mean. We ought to use them with their right meaning. Now let us see for a moment about a League of Nations, democratic in nature, based on justice, aiming for peace through self-determination. I make four propositions regarding it. The first is, if it is going to be world-wide and affect the whole world and settle all

things for all time, it ought to represent the whole world. Very good. Let us see how the conference in Paris meets the requirement. Does it represent the whole world?

How large is the world population? More than half is Asiatic. Think of that a minute. The centre of the world is not the United States, nor Europe, nor Africa, nor Australia; the centre of the world is and always has been Asia. It is from Asia that the influences that have made the world have gone forth, that the first cultures have made themselves felt; it is from Asia that life forces have spread out over the world; and even to-day, more than half the people of the world are Asian. Therefore, in any conference that lays plans for permanence, more than half the delegates must be Asiatic delegates.

Is it so in Paris? What delegates are there from Asia? One representative from Japan and four-ninths of a representative from China! China is the largest aggregation of people in the world. There are 420,000,000 people there. Think how they are represented at that peace table, and how their interests have been taken into consideration. How much has been said about China over there? Yet any plan that makes for permanent justice and peace must take account of China first of all. And let me say that the ideals of China are just as worthy of being taken into consideration as those of any other nation.

The second mass of people in the world is India. How is India represented in the conference at Paris? Of course, not at all. Very good—we have left Asia almost completely out of account in a conference which is to adjust things to last forever, with peace and self-determination.

What else is left out? Why, Russia is the third mass of population in the world, and do you think that any arrangement can ever be permanent or useful in which Russian delegates have not been seriously and fully consulted?

Then there are sixty million Germans, and if you are going to have peace, if you are going to have the world run quietly, if you are going to have justice, no arrangement can possibly be entered into in which Germany has not just as free a voice as any other body of population in the world. Justice is justice, and the Germans have their right to justice as much as the Frenchmen has. Africa with 138,000,000 people is not represented. Yet they freely talk about giving the German African colonies over to Great Britain as mandatory! This in the face of open protest. The almost a hundred million people of Latin America have actually no voice in that gathering.

Yet there are people who think that something really worth while can come out of such a gathering, which represents

nothing but a selfish, narrow, bigoted, hostile little cluster of white peoples.

I insist that a second thing is essential to such a League. Some nations must be shut out from such a League if it is to be what they claim it shall be. In such a League and conference, as these fine words lead us to expect, could Great Britain be present? Oh, no. Great Britain could not be present. Think of Ireland! Think of India! When Great Britain is ready to talk honestly, seriously, and genuinely; if her words are not merely empty words in regard to a League of Nations making for perpetual peace with self-determination for nations, there must be alongside of her the representative of an independent India and an independent Ireland. Until that is so, Great Britain cannot honestly take part in such a conference.

Can the United States be represented in an honest conference of that kind? Oh, no. With the Philippines still clamoring for independence, with a President in Nicaragua held there by bluejackets from American battleships, with Cuba governed by a President not elected by the people, the United States could not possibly participate in any honest conference based on those high principles.

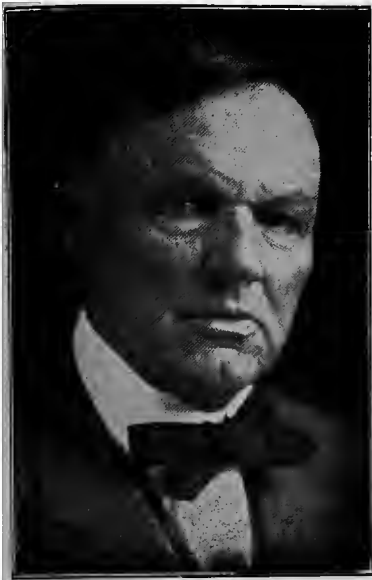
And if Great Britain and the United States must be ruled out, so too must Italy with her Tripoli experiment, and France with her vast empire in Asia and Africa, and Japan with Korea, guaranteed independence yet absorbed.

In the third place, if we are ever going to hold such a conference, who should call it? Suppose a town in which there has been disturbance; suppose there has been a riot in the streets, that faces have been smashed and heads broken and damage done, who adjusts the matter afterwards? Is it those who started the fight, or the police who came and stopped it? Why, no, it is the people who kept the peace, the people who behaved themselves, the people who respected the law; it is those people who adjust things afterwards in the courts. And so, if any such conference should be called, it is the neutral nations that should properly call it.

Fourth and lastly, if there is to be any arrangement or conference that shall make for a League of Nations of the kind here mentioned, the time for it is not immediately after a great war, when the minds of many are inflamed, when enmity is strong, and when the sense of loss and suffering is keen. That is not the time to talk about making adjustments of a permanent sort. People are in no fit frame of mind for undertaking such an enterprise at the end of a great war. Nor are the people who took part in the war, nor, above all, the victors, the people who could wisely, honestly, justly, with self-determination for all, arrange a League of Nations for permanent peace.

Oh, but you say, "what if we wait? This seems to be the only moment to do it." Certainly it is the worst moment. And, if the other better moment should never come, we should have to submit to it. I do not believe that a League of Nations is possible or feasible in these days, with the feelings, the sentiments, and the impulses that are rife.

Frankly, as an anthropologist, I do not believe that the time will ever come. You may say: "What a dreary future prospect." I tell you the thing for every self-respecting nation to do is to conduct herself with such honesty, integrity, and decency, that every other nation in the sisterhood will point to her with pride and say: "There is a nation great among the nations." And if we had one or two such nations, the desire to pattern after them would be so great that no one would need to think of any League of Nations to produce perpetual peace.



CLARENCE S. DARROW



PROF. FREDERICK STARR

Darrow-Starr Debate



“Is Life Worth Living?”



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Great Public Debate

ON THE QUESTION

“IS LIFE WORTH LIVING”

Yes: FREDERICK STARR

Anthropologist, University of Chicago

No: CLARENCE S. DARROW

GARRICK THEATRE

Sunday Afternoon, March 28th, 1920, 2:30 P. M.

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE
“WORKERS UNIVERSITY SOCIETY”

Chairman: ARTHUR M. LEWIS

Verbatim Report by
MACLASKEY & MACLASKEY
Shorthand Reporters
Chicago

Closing Notes

I

If you change your address during the spring or summer, please let me know by mail at 54 Burton place, so I may change your address on the program mailing list.

II

The opening meeting of next season will be held at the Garrick Theater the first Sunday in November—November 7, at 2:30. You will receive the first program about ten days before the opening meeting.

III

We are expecting Mr. Clarence S. Darrow to open our next season with his great lecture on "The Foundations of Right and Wrong."

IV

Professor Starr will not leave this country until Christmas, so we are expecting one or perhaps two Darrow-Starr Debates in the fall. "Is Civilization a Failure," would be a splendid theme for a debate early in November. Look out for it. Also, Prof. Starr's great lectures on "Fire" and "The Story of the Alphabet." Also his great course of four lectures on Africa.

V

My own work next season will be chiefly in Biology and Geology with, of course, some Astronomy. I shall have some splendid illustrated lectures in these fields which I shall make as near perfect as I can during the summer. One will be my own work on the Geology of the Grand Canyon during two recent explorations, with Mr. Meltzer. I am hoping to make our work in Biology—the great Science of Life—next season surpass anything that has ever been presented to the American public.

FINALLY

Let me thank you cordially and personally for your splendid and loyal support and co-operation during the successful season now closing, and especially for the splendid audience that fought its way through the blizzard last Sunday to see and hear my lecture on "The Marvels of the Spectroscope".

“Is Life Worth Living?”

The Chairman: These two gentlemen have met before on this platform in discussion. I hope they will meet again. I think you will have the privilege probably next fall. The last debate was on the question: *Is the Human Race Getting Anywhere?* The debate today is on a question which interests us all and has to do with the great philosophy of pessimism, of which Mr. Clarence Darrow is the greatest living exponent. The day which brings these two central suns in conjunction is a wonderful day. The question: *Is Life Worth Living?* is the question to be discussed today. The debate will be opened by our distinguished friend, the greatest anthropologist the world possesses today, Professor Frederick Starr, of the Chicago University.

PROF. STARR'S FIRST SPEECH.

Professor Frederick Starr said: The subject we are to discuss today is very simply worded and it can be very simply discussed. It would be possible, of course, to indulge in any flight of oratory, to reach any depth of philosophy, in a discussion of this question, but it is not necessary either to indulge in oratory or in philosophy. I hope I shall present some facts that are worth thinking over.

Is Life Worth Living? And before we take up the discussion of the question at all, I want to emphasize what the question is not. I suspect that we are going to beat a great deal about the bush in this discussion instead of getting right down to the central thought, which is merely: *Is Life Worth Living?* Now, there are three things I want to call attention to as not involved in the discussion. First I want to say that we are not called upon in this discussion today to tell where man came from or whether it is fortunate that he came or how he came; nor is it for us to say where he is going, or what comes hereafter. These things form no part of the question, *Is Life Worth Living.*

I used to find a good deal of pleasure in this passage which I first read in its old, old English form:

To **Edwin, King of Northumbria**, an aged counsellor said:
“You know, O King, how on a winter evening, when you are sitting at supper in your hall, with your company around you, when the night is dark and dreary, when the rain and the snow rage outside, when the hall inside is bright and warm with a blazing fire, sometimes it happens that a sparrow flies

into the bright hall and then flies out at the other end into the dark night again. We see him for a few moments, but we know not whence he came nor whither he goes in the blackness of the storm outside. So is the life of man. It appears for a short space in the warmth and brightness of this life, but what comes before this life, or what is to follow, we know not."

That is as true today as it was a thousand years ago. But I want to emphasize absolutely the fact that it is this life we are talking about; it is this little space of time; the period when the sparrow is flying through the hall. It is not whence the sparrow came on the one hand, nor whether the sparrow goes, on the other hand. It is simply whether the sparrow enjoyed, there in its terror and flight, the warmth and light and beauty, as it flew through the hall. Bear in mind, then, that whatever goes into either of these questions is not pertinent to the subject.

In the second place, I would call your attention to the fact that we believe—and when I say "we believe" I mean this audience believes, because I know just what this audience is; I know its attitude toward things—this audience believes that mankind has come into being through the operation, through ages, of certain influences and causes. Mankind is the result of operations that have been going on through a long period of ages. Well, now, mankind in becoming, has been adapted to these conditions. In other words, mankind fits; mankind **must** fit. It is inconceivable that man should exist unless he fits the situation in which we find him, and, it is inconceivable that he should continue unless he fits into the condition that we find him in. In other words, if we believe, and we do believe, that man is the product of evolution; he cannot possibly be a misfit in the surroundings in which he exists. If he should be so he would disappear and die; if he ceases to fit, if he ceases to be in harmony with his surroundings, he simply disappears. And the mere fact of the existence of one billion, six hundred million human beings on the earth today (a number which, notwithstanding the late dreadful war, is increasing every day, every week), the mere fact of the existence of such a human population shows there is not a genuine maladjustment. There is, of course, maladjustment here and there, single and individual cases; yes—poverty, sickness, suffering—all those things exist, but they exist because man himself has meddled; because man himself has made mistakes; because man himself has brought about in these individual cases a maladjustment. But the very fact that we have that number of human beings—greater, unquestionably, than ever in the world before—demonstrates that life is not a failure.

There are, then, two ideas not pertinent to this discussion. We often see in similar discussions, the introduction of a cruel, tyrant God, making people weak, putting them into hard and unhappy surroundings which are impossible; no such discussion has any pertinence today, because if we believe that man became as he did, we may rule out of all account any thought of such a tyrant God. He is beside the mark. Notice: Not only is a tyrant God beside the mark but, too, a vengeful Nature, spelled with a big "N" is beyond the mark. If there is such a Nature, dealing in horror, destroying from sheer desire to destroy, you surrender at once the very foundation or fundamental idea in regard to man's becoming with which we started. So I say a line of argument cannot possibly be adopted in which such a God as I have suggested is held up before your gaze, nor in which such a Nature as I have hinted at can be called in.

There is a third thing that this debate cannot include. This is no debate here on optimism and pessimism. I do not care how Mr. Lewis introduced it. He introduced it so because he is used to talking that way. I understand that the question whether life is worth living is not a dispute between optimism and pessimism. I am not an optimist and I will not permit Mr. Lewis nor Mr. Darrow to put me into a position of that kind. An optimist is a man without a brain! An optimist is a man who gives no consideration to the world; who can shut his eyes to evident facts. I am not an optimist, and this is not a discussion between pessimism and optimism. On the other hand, there is only one step of improvement between an optimist and a pessimist; only one, and I am not a pessimist—no. I think one pessimist on a platform is as much as the world could possibly stand at any one time.

Well, now, I am quite serious in saying that if we are today to discuss the question, Is Life Worth Living, we must rule out all the things I have indicated. We must rule out the question as to the unknown past and future. We are dealing with the present. We must take out the idea of that cruel, blood-thirsty and wicked deity, and we must rule out the idea of a capitalized Nature, and we must rule out the idea that we are talking about two systems of philosophy, optimism and pessimism. Now, I hope I am sane. I hope what I am going to say to you is simple, straightforward statement. It is not optimism on the one hand; it is not pessimism on the other hand. I shall not shut my eyes to sad things; but I shall not dwell on them. He will.

What remains? Why, the question as to whether life is worth living, remains. The question as to whether this little period of time during which we are in the light and warmth of the hall, is something worth while. That is what remains.

And the discussion we have before us is to talk about life, its employments, enjoyments, and whether it can be shown how we can get the most out of life. Very good, then; let us see. I one time spoke to some school children graduating. I always try not to talk twaddle on such occasions, but to talk sense because the children need it badly; they have been in poor hands much of the time. If you do not believe that, read Darrow's **Farmington**. I think his chapter on the **School Readers** is lovely; I do, indeed. Now, in the talk I speak of, I started out by saying: "Young friends, if you were asked what you want you would quite likely answer: 'Health, wealth and happiness'." It is perfectly proper that people should want health, wealth and happiness. Perfectly legitimate. It is reasonable that a man should want to be healthy, wealthy and wise. Those are things we may strive for. We are not sailing on an uncharted sea. It is not true that people do not know what is good. It is not true that the world has not learned what is worth while. There have been human beings for hundreds of thousands of years; there have been men, women and children living through this vast period of time. They had every kind of experience that can be thought of. They have had their joys; they have had their sorrows; they have learned what is worth while. It is not true that we do not know what things are good, what things are lovely. It is not true that we have not reached ideas as to the true, the good and the beautiful. No. There have been too many thousands and hundreds of thousands, millions and billions of people pegging away at the problems of the world for us to have any question whatever as to whether there are legitimate standards of the things that it is worth while to try to reach and gain.

When I examine the different things which people have said are worth while trying to get, I recognize the fact there are many men of many minds. Of course there are. I am glad of it. How stupid the world would be if we were just all alike! You wouldn't have to come here to hear me and Mr. Darrow if you all thought exactly alike; if we all had been run in one mold. There wouldn't be much enjoyment in life. It is because men are different, have different enjoyments, brains and ideas that life is worth living. Every man is different from any other man and any man has a right, **within certain limits**, to the enjoyment that he can find. It is not for me or for any other person to actually say that a man shall not find enjoyment in the lines that please him. For example, I like to travel; I find a good deal of enjoyment in travel. But it is not necessary that everybody should travel. Mr. Darrow likes biology; that is a fine thing, but that is no reason why everybody must like biology. No. A little biology may please him. No biology at all may please you and you and

another. That is all right. I am not anxious that you should travel; I am not anxious that you should study biology. No; you have your preferences. I am glad you have. A few days ago—a few nights ago, I stood for a long time and enjoyed that splendid spectacle in the northern heavens. The finest Aurora Borealis I have seen for many long years. Wasn't it a splendid exhibition? I am sure many of you stood with enjoyment and saw that splendid natural phenomenon. And yet I know I have four friends who were urged, begged and pleaded with to come out and look at the Aurora Borealis. Did they go? No; they were playing cards, and they kept on playing cards through the whole of that splendid display. Well, thank heaven, there were some who appreciated the Aurora more than that. But I am not discontented that those four men played cards instead of going out to see the Aurora. There is no actual accounting for tastes. But there are different tastes. But, after all, there are limits. For instance, husks can be eaten; yes, a person may eat husks; some animals might really enjoy eating husks. But, after all, everybody knows that the soft, fine grains of corn are vastly better and more valuable than the husks are. Still, that is no reason why people who like husks should not eat them. People have a right to their own forms of enjoyment, and yet there are limits, of course.

Notice: These limits are not due to Divine command nor to man-made laws. They are due to the nature of things. Man became. And, in becoming there are certain things he cannot do in the way of desiring or finding enjoyment. There are things which involve a penalty for the man who tries to do them. No man can thrust his hand into the fire without suffering the penalty; no man can overeat without suffering; no man can go without food and continue to live. No; there are certain fixed limits within which a man must find his enjoyment; within which he must confine his life. Those limits are not, as I say, in this final manner, fixed by Divine command nor by man-made laws. No. They are in the nature of things, which produced this human being, capable of enjoyment.

There is another class of limitation. It is true that we are not alone. If I was alone, it would be quite possible for me to do anything I wanted within the range of my muscular and mental effort and there would be no harm done, unless possibly to myself. But we are not alone. There are many people, and it is true that if I wish to do certain things I am not only subject to the limitation of my actual nature, I am also subject to the limitation that I am not the only man living in the world. These two things limit my field of possibility and my enjoyment of life must be limited by those two things.

I reduce my system of pedagogy to very narrow limits. I sometimes am asked what is proper to teach to young people. And I think of a boy more naturally than of a girl when we speak of being educated, and I have often said there are two things a boy should be taught, from the time he begins to be old enough to gain any knowledge from the world. One is to recognize and demand his rights; the other is to recognize and admit the rights of others. That is the only education that anybody needs; that is the only education necessary to make life happy; it is the only sort of training that young people ought to have. Still, let us come to detail.

There are, then, two ways in which we must look at this life if it is to be lived with the idea of having it worth while. The first is with reference to ourselves; the second is with reference to others. Schopenhauer—a name which I suspect our friend on the left has heard—Schopenhauer recognized three kinds of pleasure. Notice that he speaks of them as pleasures. First, vital energy, such as food, drink, digestion, sleep, rest, and so forth and so forth; next, muscular energy, and under this he mentions sport and exercise, and so on; third, sensibility. Enjoy vital energy, muscular energy and sensibility. None should be neglected. The best man is one who has all developed evenly and suitably.

Health is largely a matter of one's thought. I am not a Christian Scientist, but I know most people are well when they think least about themselves; that they think least about themselves when they are most well. A person with a little the matter with him can make it infinitely worse if he chooses. Of course he can. I have already said that sickness exists. I am going to leave Mr. Darrow to find all these horrors for you; he will find them. I admit all these things exist. It is unfortunate that they exist. I am sorry for the man who is suffering physical pain. I am sorry for the man who is suffering the absolute privations due to poverty. I am sorry for the man who suffers from the meanness and wickedness of other people. Yes, sorry for all those things. But, after all, we often make things much worse than they need to be.

I want to read about two men, suffering under disadvantages, who met the disadvantages like men. There is a great deal in not paying too much attention even to the great troubles of life, and in meeting them in a manly way. There is the case of Epictetus. I like to talk of the old man.

"I must die, but must I then die sorrowing? I must be put in chains. Must I then also lament? I must go into exile. Can I be prevented from going with cheerfulness and contentment? But I will put you in prison! Man, what are you saying? You can put my body in prison, but my mind, not even Zeus himself can overpower."

Jeremy Taylor says:

"I have fallen into the hands of thieves; what then? They have left me the sun and the moon, fire and water, a loving wife and many friends to pity me, and some to relieve me, and I can still discourse; and, unless I list, they have not taken away my merry countenance and my cheerful spirit and a good conscience. * * * And he that hath so many causes of joy, and so great, is very much in love with sorrow and peevishness who loves all these pleasures and chooses to sit down on his little handful of thorns."

He must be very much in love with sorrow and peevishness when he has so much joy in sitting down on his little handful of thorns. There are people who, when you ask them how they are will say: "I am enjoying very miserable health."

We are talking about ourselves. It is the agreement of all opinion that the greatest source of happiness and satisfaction are within ourselves. And the greatest thing that a man can ever have is the matter of personality. It was Schopenhauer who said that "happiness exists for the most part in what a man is in himself, and that the pleasure he derives from these blessings will depend entirely upon the extent to which his personality really allows him to appreciate them."

If a man is going to be happy he not only must use the different elements toward happiness that exist in his personality, but must wisely use his time. You know an idle man is a sad man. A man who finds something all the time to do is happy. The man who really gets something out of life is the man who does not lose time. Not that one should be running a Marathon race every day and hour. No. But the man who occupies his time sanely and sensibly is the man who gets something worth while out of life.

Sir John Lubbock wrote a book on the Pleasures of Life. I like to quote him for certain reasons.

"But is it true that the ordinary duties of life in a country like ours—commerce, manufactures, agriculture—the pursuits to which the vast majority are and must be devoted—are incompatible with the dignity or nobility of life? Surely this is not so. Whether a life is noble or ignoble depends not on the calling which is adopted, but on the spirit in which it is followed."

Again:

"It is generally the idle who complain they cannot find time to do that which they fancy they wish. In truth, people can generally find time for what they choose to do; it is not really the time but the will that is wanting."

I want to say for Sir John Lubbock that when I was in London in 1899, they told me what I had not realized before,

that Sir John Lubbock was the busiest man in London. He was engaged in large affairs. He was president, trustee, director in banks of importance; he was the head of many important organizations; he was member of more important committees than any other man in England. And yet, as you know, he wrote book after book. And these books demanded the most close, rigid, continued, minute investigation. If Sir John Lubbock, the busiest man in London, could write a book on the habits of bees, ants and wasps, could study the interesting relations between insects and flowers, could study the science of biology, if Sir John Lubbock, the busiest man in London—at that time the greatest and most important city, the most vigorous and modern city in the world—could do that, what could not others do if they wished?

Lord Chesterfield—and it is very rarely that I quote Chesterfield—said:

“It is astonishing that any one can squander away in absolute idleness one single moment of that small portion of time which is allotted to us in this world—know the true value of time; snatch, seize, and enjoy every moment of it.”

Very good advice, and yet I say we do not want to run Marathon races all the time. We want some rest.

So much, then, for ourselves, as viewed with reference to this question as to the occupations of life. Now, as regards others. The adjustment sounds at first difficult. Is it possible for human beings with their wide range of interests, to adjust themselves to each other so that each one has some range within which he can find enjoyment and occupation? As a matter of fact, the adjustment is natural and easy and it has always taken place. Take the two most crowded regions of the world, those two teeming populations, China and India, where there are so many people crowded together that one might think we would find hell on earth and constant quarrelling and battling. The contrary is true. In China and in India, there is far more peaceful relationship between men than in most countries. In those countries, where there are such enormous crowds of people, every man, woman and child has its place, and the place is a happy one. There is more happiness in proportion to the individuals, I firmly believe, in India and China than in most countries on the globe.

Our relation to others is an interesting question. “It is only in society,” and here again it is Schopenhauer who speaks. “It is only in society that a man’s powers can be called into full activity. Now, to be a useful member of society one must do two things. Firstly, what every one is expected to do everywhere; and, secondly, what one’s own particular position in the world demands and requires.” Goethe remarks: “Every man ought to begin with himself and make his own happiness

first, from which the happiness of the world would follow." There should be first of all thought for one's own self. Yes; and then, if it is genuine, if it is wise, if it is based on sense, there will be helpfulness for all in it. It is not necessary to go on a mission to do people good. No. You and I and everybody comes every day of their life, into contact with all kinds of people. If we do with reference to each person with whom we come into contact during the day, our part, kindly, wisely and sanely, there would be no problems of humanity left for solving. It is perfectly possible for you and me to make that the very fundamental basis of our life. It is possible for us to say we will not go out of our way to do some distant philanthropy. But if to every man, woman and child with whom we are brought into daily contact, we play our part aright, we do that much toward making the world as a whole better.

Now, it is time for me to sit down. But I am going to make an analysis in two chapters of a man for whom we have great respect and affection. The first chapter comes at this point. My second chapter will come at the close of my next argument.

I want to analyze Clarence Darrow; we may take him as a specific instance. There is nothing like having a case in point that we can bring up and deal with. I believe that Clarence Darrow is a man who gets a lot out of life; I believe there are very few men who get more. I know few men who have a better time in the world than he. Let me illustrate: He has pretty good health and strength. I have sometimes suspected, I am not sure, I have sometimes suspected that he has dyspepsia, but, on the whole, I think his health is good. It is a great thing to be thankful for and to rejoice in. Health, wealth and happiness were the three things I told the boys in that high school were suitable to seek. Wealth; I don't know anything about Mr. Darrow's bank book, but I heard him say not long ago he was thinking of retiring pretty soon from active life. When a man who has Clarence Darrow's business thinks about retiring from active life, you may be sure he has as much as he wants or is good for him. So far as happiness is concerned, his life is one long career of happiness. One of his greatest joys in life, of course, is grumbling; it is his long suit. People find joy in all sorts of strange things. And grumbling is a joy to him, of course; otherwise, he would get over it. Now, I would not be surprised if he was to use the word "dope" presently. There are people who have certain phrases that get to be a part of their make-up, just as grumbling is a part of his make-up. There are certain sounds that give them extreme joy. Well, when Mr. Darrow can say "dope", "dope", "dope", "dope", it is like sweet music to his ears. Do not think for an instant I would wish to take away from him that

pleasure. It does him no harm. It does us no harm. It might be misunderstood by those who do not know him, but to us it is merely one of those things in which he finds pleasure, and we are glad to have him use the word. As for companions. Have you ever been out with Mr. Darrow? Have you ever seen him go into any crowded place at meal time, when the men, the business men of Chicago, are eating? Everybody knows him. It is not only that everybody knows him, but everybody greets him with affectionate respect. Do you think that does not please him? Then you know we all find enjoyment in thinking of the heroes of the past. Thomas Carlyle's most taking book was the one on hero worship. The man who has a strain of hero worship is really a happy man. Though Mr. Darrow talks about all sorts of dreadful things most dolefully, he worships more human beings than any man I know—Thomas Paine, and Governor Altgeld and other great and good men; he talks about them; thinks of them, has them as companions when all others are away. Why he enjoys himself all the time! And, then, he is so fond of biology! Is it not a fine thing for a man to have some subject outside of his business that fills his soul with joy? I said one of the things desirable in a man and in life, is activity, activity, activity. He is very interesting in regard to that. In this matter of activity, he is **it**. But his friends know he is also one of the most lazy of men. The active man who is lazy is frequently the most happily active of active men, the world knows. He begins and ends with grumbling, and I shall now make room for him to present his poor side of this debate.

The Chairman: The members and officers probably know if it were not for Mr. Darrow——

Professor Starr: See here; you are not talking in this debate. I have a whole chapter of analysis still coming!

The Chairman: The Chair rules the Professor out of order. If it were not for Mr. Darrow we probably should not have a society to present this debate. We have been on the narrow edge once or twice, and especially recently, but we have to thank Mr. Darrow for coming to the rescue. I will now ask Mr. Darrow to reply to the speech to which you have just listened.

MR. DARROW'S FIRST SPEECH.

Mr. Darrow Said: Professor Starr has told us what we cannot consider in this question, and what we can consider. Taking what we cannot consider and what we must consider, of course, it leaves nothing excepting **his view of this question**. Now, I think I will prove to him, from biology—and he certainly would not be mean enough to dispute me on biology—that we have a right to consider the future, and

that we are bound to consider the past in giving an opinion as to whether life is worth while. It is not a question as to whether I enjoy life or not. I do the very best I can at it, anyhow, and as life goes, I think I do pretty well. But, I am willing to take the professor at his word and say that if I don't think life is worth while with what I get out of it, how is it possible that it could be worth while to anybody that cannot take dope? I will show you before I am done, I think, that a very large part of the professor's rules for living are dope, nothing else. Really, we all enjoy hearing him talk, and we are all very fond of him, but he didn't discuss this question. He really gave us some excellent receipts as to the way to live our lives. He told us what we should do and what we should not do in order to make life happy. Now, that is not even logical, because when he tells me what to do to make life happy he simply tells me what he does or tries to do, to make life happy, and it is not at all certain that I could get happiness that way; and it is still less certain that I could do it if I wished to. His rules for the way to live may be good. They may be worth practicing, so far as we can practice them. But man does not live by rules. If he did, he would not live. He lives by his emotions, his instincts, his feelings; he lives as he goes along. Man does not make rules of life and then live according to those rules; he lives and then he makes rules of life. And, it is really an idle thing for anybody to tell anybody else how to live. Nobody is influenced by other peoples opinions. Each must learn for himself and find out where he makes his mistakes, and, perhaps the things he thinks are mistakes are not mistakes after all. No one can figure this out. But, telling you the way to live is not discussing the question of whether life is worth while.

In spite of the rules, is life worth while? Let me take the simplest one he gives. Thus in spite of the professor being a very able man and a very scientific man, the rule is as old as the first dope fiend. He says "work." Be busy. That is the first rule of living—get busy. Everybody who ever wanted to get rich, especially out of somebody else, has taught this to the people. Benjamin Franklin was one of the main exponents of this idea. Work is the great thing in life. I am inclined to think this is true. Now, let us find the reason for it. The reason is perfectly evident. Why should we work? Why, the professor says, it gets our mind off ourselves. That is true, too. That is the reason for it. If a man works hard, especially at something he is interested in, it takes his mind from himself. That is the only philosophical reason for hard work. There are reasons in the way of getting money which are poor reasons. But, to work hard,

especially at what you are interested in, takes your mind from yourself. You may get up early in the morning at ten o'clock and try to enjoy yourself for two hours doing nothing. And, you think you have lived a whole lifetime, trying to enjoy yourself. But, if you have worked hard, the first time you may think of it, you think it has been fifteen minutes, when it has been a half a day. What does that mean? It means just this: That work is good because it brings non-existence, and that non-existence is the most tolerable of all the forms of matter in life. There is no other answer to hard work. And I know of almost no one who has studied the philosophy of life but does not finally come up with the proposition that the only thing that makes life tolerable, is **hard work**, so you don't know you are living. So, I characterize hard work as **dope** for life.

There is one thing in life which is perhaps equal to it, and that is sleep. And, I never saw anyone, weary with the labor of life, or weary with the thought of life, that did not come home to his couch with pleasure in the thought that he would be lost to life for a time, at least. Now, I will admit, that this question is not a very satisfactory one for discussion. Perhaps the question cannot be settled by the professor bringing out all the good things in life and on the other hand by my stringing out all the evil things in life. Somehow or other, this must be settled, if settled, upon a much broader basis than that; upon some question of science or some question of philosophy. And, perhaps, it is not capable of being settled. Of course I will say, with Professor Starr, as I said with Professor Foster, I would like to discuss this with a man who believed in it. I would like to discuss the question of whether life is worth living with one who believed that life was of value. I would like to discuss optimism and pessimism with an optimist. And, in the end, I presume this question gets down to optimism and pessimism. And the professor is too wise to be an optimist and too wise to be deluded with the beauty and pleasure of living, and too honest to say that he is.

But, let me make a few observations that it seems to me puts this question on somewhat broader lines. First, Professor Starr has said that whether there is a future life or not, has nothing to do with the question of whether this life is worth living; whether we came from anywhere has nothing to do with it, or whether we are going anywhere has nothing to do with it. All life and all experience contradicts him. If man was not cursed with consciousness he would be right. If man was not cursed with memory he could forget the past. And, if he was not cursed with imagination, he would think nothing about the future. But there is no fairly intelligent

man or woman who is not bound to think every day in his life of the question of whether life ends all and when that end will come. And with the great mass of men who live upon the earth, the question of the end of life affects their present feeling more than anything else affects it. If anybody says it does not affect it, he is simply bluffing. You may take one of the most eminent scientists of the world, Sir Oliver Lodge, and yet because he has the feeling that I have and the feeling that goes with living, that the fate of annihilation is abhorrent to the human mind—because of that, he almost consciously deludes himself with the silliest twaddle that has ever moved the minds of men. Do you suppose Sir Oliver Lodge would be a spiritualist if the fear of death or the hope of immortality did not make him one? Why, there is not a single fact that he reports that could stand for a minute in the light of the scientific analysis that he gives to every question of physical science, and he must know it.

What does the great mass of the human race think about this question as to whether life is worth living, and whether this is in any way affected by the question of the destiny of Man? Why, since man began to dream dreams and see visions; since he evolved consciousness; since he looked around and asked the meaning of life and of death, he has sought by every means to prove that death is not death. He has braced up his love of life by making for himself a dream that there was something more to life than is shown by science or philosophy, or the facts that are apparent to everyone who thinks. And, take that feeling from the human mind today, and take it suddenly, and it would be paralyzed, and men would not live their lives. There are a few who might live it out. But, to say that the question of the destiny of man does not affect his present happiness is to say that man has neither memory, nor imagination, nor consciousness, nor thought.

Men suffer from evils that never come, and they experience joys that never come. A very large part of our conscious life is dreaming. We believe in happiness that will come tomorrow, and in misery that passed yesterday. We are terrified sometimes by disasters that will come tomorrow, more than we are by those that we lived through yesterday. Man's brain is such that his mind will reach into the future and into the past and all about him, and the future and the past, whether it exists or not, does exist for the present, and is the largest part of the things which affect the happiness or the misery of the man. It is idle to say man must not take into account the question of his origin or the question of his destiny, when he considers whether life is worth living. Is it?

Now, I didn't know that I grumbled so much. I don't know why I should. I have got about through with the blooming game. I am about ready to retire. That does not mean I have money, but I study the actuary tables; I know I am about ready to retire. When I retire—well, while I will not be happy, I will not be miserable, and, as life goes, I believe I have as little cause for complaint as almost any person I know. And, I trust that I complain very little. At least I don't mean to. I have lived a life which is, approximately, as good as nothing. Not quite, but somewhere near it. And I will not be very much better off when I am dead; but some what.

Does Professor Starr prove that life is worth living, because man is here? If so, that is a simple question. By what process can you prove that everything that is here is worth while? Or, what do we mean by worth while? Of course you can ask a lot of questions in discussing this. Of course, if life is worth living to man because man is here, it is likewise worth living to every animal because it is here. It is worth living to the dog and the mouse and the cat that eats it. Of course, you might say that the life of the mouse is worth living to the cat that eats it. It is worth living to the ant and the grasshopper, and to those tiny insects who live only a fraction of an hour. And, in the sight of eternity, the longest human life is just as short. Even if the emotions, in the fraction of a hour, were all pleasant ones, it was not worth while to begin it when it was to end so quickly. The fact that life is here, to my mind, proves nothing, excepting that if you got a certain amount of earth and heat and water—if they were resolved into the simple elements—given these elements in certain proportions under certain conditions, life will develop, just as maggots will in a cheese. Does that prove it is worth while? I cannot see it. It does not prove it in any meaning of the words worth while. If it does prove it, then everything is equally worth while, and the living man is no more a part of nature than the corpse. And the well man is no more a part of nature than the sick man. The pleasurable emotion is no more a part of nature than the painful emotion. The fact that it is here simply proves it is here, that is all. The only way that this question can be discussed, it seems to me is as an intellectual or philosophical question: Are the pleasurable emotions of life more than the painful ones? Is there a greater balance of pleasure than pain? And this cannot be discussed without taking into consideration every feeling and imagination that influences man, and influences the feelings of man. You cannot settle it by saying life is a question of health, wealth, happiness and wisdom. The second time he said wealth, health and happi-

ness, he cut out the wisdom. Happiness surely is not a question of wisdom. It is a question of happiness, and happiness is a very complex thing. If life is a question of happiness, then it gets back to you, looking it over, with what has past and what is still to come, has it more pleasure or more unhappiness? I believe almost every person who lives gets his pleasure in anticipation. All of the adages and teachings of life are built upon that idea. The young person should store up wisdom so that he may use it in old age—when he does not need it. He needs teeth more than he does wisdom. By the way, Professor, my digestion is bully. I can eat anything that tastes good and nothing that does not. A person should hoard up money so that he can spend it, and have a good time with it in the future—when he will most likely be dead. We should work today, so that we can have a vacation tomorrow. Better take it today, for tomorrow you may be dead and you will get out of working. I ought not to be personal, as the professor was, but I ought to be a very wise man for I have listened to him for two winters with the greatest of profit. I remember once last winter—you will excuse me, Professor, for quoting you here? He gave us a wondrous picture of Japan; its beauties, and its glories, and the emotions that he felt in visiting Japan. And, he told us he was going again the following summer, which was last summer. And, there was a very joyful expression on his face in the anticipation of all the fun he would have in Japan. When he got back this fall, he told us that he had been much disappointed when he went to Japan; things didn't turn out the way he thought they were going to. And when I heard him say that he had been disappointed the last time he went to Japan, I was quite sure, that when he remembered his trip to Japan, he had a better time remembering it than when he took it. And, I fancy that, if it is not good biology, it is good psychology. If I could ever have as good a time when I went on a vacation as I anticipated before I went, I would hope to die while I was gone.

So, the past does get into it, and the future gets into it. And, if you work hard there is no present. Let us see what the experience of man says—and really I don't pretend there is any way to absolutely settle this question—but let us see what all human experience says about it.

Everybody, after they begin to think a little, and before they can think much, makes a heaven for themselves. There, the streets will be paved with gold. Christian heaven. Of course, I could picture something that looked better to me. In heaven, there will be no weeping or wailing or gnashing of teeth. They will not even have teeth. The streets will be paved with gold. That makes it alluring to a Christian banker.

You can play on a harp forever. Your friends will not die. I don't know about your enemies, but your friends will not die. There will be no marrying or giving in marriage; nothing but one long dream of joy! You won't even have to work to forget yourself—you will not want to forget yourself; you will want to walk on the gold pavement. And, the poor old grandmother sits by the fireside mumbling, dreaming, happy, because she is going to heaven. And, the human race forgets its miseries and its sorrows because it is going to heaven. And man is happy in spite of himself because it is living on this pipe dream—I was going to say dope.

Now, isn't that just exactly what man does? From the Methodists up to Sir Oliver Lodge? All of them? From the highest to the lowest, they consciously use every effort in their power to delude themselves with this myth of happiness; this will o the wisp is right in front of them. And, I suppose when they close their eyes for the last time they see before them this illusion of the golden gates, and all the rest of the business opening before them.

Now, my friend quoted Epictetus, the stoic. Well, he was somewhat like my friend, quite a bluffer. He said "What is the difference whether I am loaded with chains, my mind is free?" Well, that is a sort of self-hypnotism, if it is true. "What is the difference whether I am hungry or cold; my mind is free? You can do nothing to my mind, anyhow." Well, I wish they could do something to mine. That is the trouble with people. Before a piece of clay awoke to consciousness, it was getting along all right, but when it awoke, then came the trouble. Now, is there any philosophy in Epictetus? Why, it is a great, big bluff. I think one ought not to complain of his troubles. Nobody is interested in them. I would rather hear other people's troubles than to talk about mine. Then I can forget mine. One of the prime receipts for being happy, which I will suggest to the professor, is hard work. I used to be taught that when I was a boy and wanted the moon—I haven't wanted it very lately—I don't know what in the dickens I would do with it if I had it and then I know I can't get it—one way not to worry about what you cannot get is not to want it; one of the prime ways. They used to tell us when we felt bad, to think how much worse somebody else was. You have heard that, haven't you? That proves that life is worth living, doesn't it? If I go out on the street, and get run over, taken to the hospital and lose a leg, I can be happy by thinking of some poor fellow in France that lost both of his! If I get one eye knocked out, I can get joy thinking of the blind! Now, that is a receipt for happiness. And, it is a good receipt; it is given out by everybody. Well, you are not happy today.

All right. Think how much better off you are than some people. That proves that life is worth living. That is it proves that it is not quite so bad as it might be.

Of course, emotionally, one may stick around, because while we live, we want to live. But, I think I am going to be happier next year than I was last year. Of course I know I will not be, but I think I shall. I think next week will be a good week. Last week was not so good. Next week will be fine. And next summer vacation will be good. Of course, as I said here before, I might run into some mosquitoes, or some people, but I am not thinking about them now, because it is next year. That is what I ran into last year. Pretty much all of it is in the imagination. And I don't condemn the dope fiend. I think he is—I was going to say wise, but I will do better than that by him—I think he is foolish, and, blessed be foolishness!

When you leave the cruder religions of the world, and men begin to get up where they cannot believe quite all that has been said, then they turn to Epictetus, and he was one of these self-deluding mortals who could sit on a pin and say, "Why, my mind is free." Of course, that is not even scientific. For a man's mind, whatever it is, depends upon his brain whatever it is, and that is a part of his body, whatever it is. So that he is not free; it depends entirely upon his body. It is just a bit of bluffing. Epictetus and a few other stoics bluffed their way through the world until their philosophy played out and now it has been taken up by the Christian Scientists, who say: Oh, no, there is no such thing as corns, they are in the head, not on the toes." "There is no such thing as death. The friend you loved that made up a large part of the pleasures of life, is not dead. He has just passed on." Just passed on! Things are not what they seem to be. God is love and love is God. There is no sin; there is no pain—only a condition of mind. Well, with the most of them there is no mind; so there is nothing!

Does all of that prove that life is worth living? It proves that it is not worth living. I will tell you why it proves it. It proves that there is nobody on earth who can stand the realities of life. That is what it proves. It proves that when the consciousness of life comes to one who is intelligent, that he straightway uses every effort in his power to prove that life is not life; pain is not pain and death is not death; that he takes every dope that is given him by someone else to make him dream, and if he cannot find anything given him by someone else that will put him to sleep, he makes one for himself that puts him to sleep. And, if perchance, he is too intelligent, even to manufacture a dope that will put him to sleep, and if he cannot find one that will put him to sleep,

then he resorts to hard work, so he cannot think of himself. Looking life over I have nothing to complain of—I am a real optimist; it might have been worse. There is optimism for you. It might have been worse. And, in spite of the pleasures that I have experienced in studying biology and listening to lectures on anthropology, and in spite of the companionship of my friends, and in spite of good food and vacations, in spite of all these—and I have had my full share of them—and a good digestion with it—and before I finish that sentence I want to call attention to one thing my friend suggested, then I will go back where I left off. He said digestion is good. Eating tastes good, but if you eat too much it hurts you. Well now, why should it? You like to eat, but if you eat too much it makes you miserable. What a glorious thought that is, isn't it?

Well, in spite of all my pleasures, and all of my friends—I am glad I have so many; if they knew me better, I would have more—in spite of all of these, when I look back over life, with the many pains I have suffered that happened, and the many more I have suffered that did not happen, the greatest satisfaction that I find in any of it is when I am asleep. And, intellectually, I feel it will be the best thing that can happen to me—to go to sleep again. Still emotionally and physically, I draw back from it, just like everyone else who ever lived. All this enters into my personal feeling of whether life is worth while. But as an intellectual question, I insist that practically everything that my friend has said and practically everything that everyone says in favor of optimism and the worth-whileness of life—pretty near all of it—proves that life is not worth while; that it is an unpleasant interruption of nothing, and the best thing you can say of it is that it does not last long.

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The Chairman: Professor Starr will continue the debate.

PROF. STARR'S SECOND SPEECH.

Professor Starr said: Now, with the very best intentions in the world, I tried to find some argument in what was said that called for answer. I am quite serious in saying this. I wanted to find something that called for answer. There were suggestions made which called forth loud applause. Yet each time you made applause after such suggestions, I felt certain that when you thought it over you would see the fallacy yourselves. The only new thought that seems to me to call for discussion is the question of death. And, inasmuch as that

what I had in mind before, and not vary it nor change it, because of the argument presented.

I was really surprised at the readiness with which he accepted a good deal that I said. I didn't expect it. I confess that much of his speech—the more serious part of his speech—was a very strange address for a Rationalist. Still, we will let that pass.

Hard work he mentioned; yes, hard work. And you realize, that hard work is the joy of life. You know it is. He cannot get around it by foolish statements such as he made regarding hard work being dope. You knew he would have to talk about dope anyway. He says he did not realize that he was a grumbler. Of course he did not. When he first spoke about my referring to him as a grumbler, the thought came into my mind to say it is second nature to him, but that would be an error; it is first nature. So, of course, he is unconscious of the fact that he is a grumbler! In my remaining argument I have two or three points I wish to emphasize. It seems to me that nothing in what Mr. Darrow has said in the way of reply to what I had presented, really calls for answer. But there are some things that I would add to what I said.

First, it is very common, of course, for people to realize that they may have made mistakes or that they may have got themselves into hard positions. They may have lost opportunities which, when once passed, looked promising. It is not worth while to waste your life in mourning over the opportunities you missed. It is not worth while laying too much stress upon the mistakes that you have made. No. Those things are past. Learn from them. Avoid similar mistakes, if possible, in the future, but do not waste time, eternally harping on mistakes that you have made. Profit by your mistakes and let them go. If it is something that you can rectify, rectify the error that you made; otherwise, let it go, and be a better and wiser man for the fact of the error or the mistake.

Mr. Darrow referred to the other point I had in mind, the fact that we worry a great deal about the things that lie ahead. He did not put it exactly in that way, but he suggested that we hope a good deal for the future, and we look forward with dread a good deal to the future. I think few people ever really have been so miserable that they could not stand their miseries if they were sure they had reached the end. The uncertainty, the doubt, the fear, the dread lest things may not be so good in the future, or that the worst may come, is corroding, and destroying, yes. Constant anxiety in regard to the future, destroys the happiness of life for many a person. I have often thought if only we could be sure regarding the present moment that it is the very bottom, we should laugh really with joy, no matter how great the burden; no matter

what the pain may be, if we were absolutely certain that it was the worst. Why, we could stand that; and we could think as we have stood that, the worst is past. Do not be over anxious. Grapple with troubles when they come; meet difficulties as they arise; use your best efforts to be happy and do not give way to constant dread and fear of things that may never come, or worse conditions that probably will not come.

It seems to me that old age is far from dreadful. There are many people who think of old age as being simply a painful and sad condition. A great deal depends upon how one has used their younger years. One may look back over a life well spent with pleasure. And one of the greatest happinesses of life certainly is in thinking over the joys that one has gone through or things that one has undertaken and succeeded in; the good that one has done. A well spent life makes a happy age. It is not a good reason why one should do well today in order that he may come to look back upon it tomorrow; but it certainly is one of the joys of life, when one may look back upon well-spent years.

The matter of death is one that we all face; one that we all know will happen. There were fallacies of course in that description of the vacation which we will take today, because we might die tomorrow; the fallacy there is quite easy to see; but let that pass. I think Mr. Darrow and a great many people overestimate the horror of death. I cannot see why we make such sweeping statements in regard to the universal fear of death. It is not true that mankind at large has an all-consuming fear and terror in regard to death. It is entwined in the surroundings under which we have been brought up; to us death has been rendered horrible, and has assumed frightful forms. We as a people are brought up from early childhood to look on death as the great disaster, the one awful thing. However, there are whole populations where death has relatively little terror; where one may say the horror of death, such as we hold it, is almost unknown. I object on the part of hundreds of millions of people, against assigning to them, and asserting of them, that same foolish and criminal fear of death which we, ourselves, harbor and hold.

I am thankful to say, even among ourselves, there are persons not afraid to die. It is true that our religious training—it is true that the books we read—it is true that the papers that we read—it is true that the songs we sing, all speak in this way of death. But, it is an unnatural way of speaking. It is not the human attitude toward death. On the part of the rest of humanity, I object to such an assertion and assumption. Even among ourselves, it is not true that all are afraid of death. There are men who have lived so well, and who have so well occupied themselves with sound and sane

action through life, that they meet death without fear, and without a shudder. Mr. Darrow is very fond of speaking of those persons as bluffers. It is not bluffing. Goethe died without apparent suffering, having just prepared himself to write and expressed his delight at the return of spring. It was no bluff on the part of Plato who died when in the act of writing. It was no bluff when Lucan died reciting a part of his book on the War of Pharsalus nor when Blake died singing. No. Of these people, some were Pagans; but, Goethe lived in Christendom. There are people who die in Christendom without belief and without fear, without a shrinking back before the end.

When I was in Japan the last time—and by the way I want to say Mr. Darrow misunderstood my attitude towards my last visit to Japan. It is true that I complained bitterly of the high cost of living; it is true when I found myself in Japan, I was unable to do one-half the things I had planned simply because the high cost of living was such that I had to draw in my expanding tentacles and sit tight there in Tokio. But, I never said I was disappointed in my visit. It was a trip of joy; happy during the time, happy in the anticipation, happy in the retrospect. He received a wrong impression there. However, that is a personality you will forgive. I want to tell you a little incident that came to my knowledge in my last visit to Japan. I want to describe a death that took place between my two last visits. My little interpreter decided that he would like to learn archery. It is an art which the Japanese have carried to a fine development. Even today there are to be found some fine representatives of old Japan who know and teach archery. The boy, during my absence, found such an old teacher. There were about thirty-five who used to take their lessons from the old man. Archery in Japan is very exacting, rigid and precise; every detail is regulated; it is a fine art. The boy made advancement. During the year the old man died. Before he died, knowing the end was nearing, he sent word to each one of his pupils to come, and thirty-four gathered at his bed. The old man greeted them; the bows and arrows were brought out and laid beside him; he gave them a few last directions, and then he said: "Friends, students: I have done what I could for you; try, try, try to become perfect." And with those words he died. Just like that. As soon as the words were uttered, his eyes closed, and the old man was gone. There was no bluffing there. There was no fear there. That man hadn't been looking forward toward the end of life with terror. He looked upon death as a perfectly natural end, like waking out of a sleep, like going to sleep. He didn't look upon it as a frightful thing that he should dread to have the end

approaching. No, it is among ourselves and those brought up in the same way, that death has been given its horrors.

I said we knew nothing about the past from which the individual comes, and nothing of the future into which he goes. I meant just that, and it was said in order to cut this out from the argument. But, there is a past to which we are related; there is a past that means much to every man that lives well. Of course, there is. Out from that past has come the stimulus, the helpfulness, the high thought, the inspiration that makes the bulk of our joys of life. In that sense, we all of us live in the past. We all draw from the past. The past means everything to us. And so again, when we die, that is not the end, no. Everybody who has come into contact with us has felt our impress. Hundreds of people remember, after we are gone, the good we did them, the influence we exerted on them. What we do lives after us. Whether there is a future existence, individually, for us, we do not know. I am in no haste to die, but I do not fear death. I hope to live for some time yet; I hope to teach and help many a man, woman and child to better life, to greater happiness. I hope, too, that they will be better and that something of my life will continue in them when my life here comes to an end. I believe that and hope it, thoroughly and completely.

In other words, there is a future, and if we live our lives right, the future is the better for our having lived and been here.

Lastly, you remember I had a chapter left over. It was a chapter of Clarence Darrow and our analysis of him. You remember we were talking first of the individual in himself, and secondly of his relation to others. In the first chapter of my analysis, I said Clarence Darrow was a pessimist, a cheerful pessimist. We spoke of his personal life: How now, of Clarence Darrow in society, toward others? Has Clarence Darrow helped people in his daily life here, now, You know he has. And, in that helpfulness, he has found joy! This Society, as Mr. Lewis told you—he had no right to tell you, yet you heard him call me to order for saying so—Mr. Lewis should have kept still when the debate was under weigh. Mr. Darrow has served this society. Yes. Do you think he deserves too much thanks? No, he got as much joy and pleasure out of his service as you did.

Mr. Darrow: Probably more.

Professor Starr: In serving you and helping this society, in having an interest here, he gains true joy. You know about his clients. You know that when others will refuse a case because there is no money, or because it is desperate, he will take it. You know what his life is. You know how it is lived with reference to others. You know how many poor men he

has helped out of serious perplexities. And, do you think that when he dies, he ends? No, no. The gentle memory remains when he has gone. Ends? Why, it is enough to read **Farmington**, to know better. **Farmington** will live after he has gone. An abiding influence. Is that worth while? It is worth while to have lived one's life so that one has joy through the days and weeks and years? Joy of anticipation? Joy in hard work? Joy in the retrospect? Helpfulness while he lives; blessing in death; exerting an influence beyond. Life such as that is well worth living!

The Chairman: You will hear from Mr. Darrow.

MR. DARROW'S SECOND SPEECH.

Mr. Darrow said: Well, my friend's very kind words make it hard for me to debate. Of course, I cannot discuss that question with him because he is right. He and I ought not to debate. Of course, I do appreciate the feelings of my friend.

I want to say a few words seriously. Perhaps I was not serious before. Life to me is a joke. That is the way I get by. It is an awful joke. A joke on me partly. But, seriously, I am not certain if Professor Starr is right on what he says about death—he certainly should know more about that subject than I do—whether there are hundreds of millions of people in the world who do not view death the way we Christians look at it. I confess that I don't know. And it is a topic that I would like to hear discussed by him fully because to Christians, like we people, it is an important question. And, if there are people in the world, and people who live close to nature, who, on account of their more natural life, or more natural views of life, have a different attitude, we ought to know it. I, for one, would be glad to know it. I have read more or less about this subject. Not so much as Professor Starr has, and of course, he has traveled amongst the primitive people a great deal. I supposed that they had the same feeling toward death that we civilized people have; but perhaps not. Really, don't the primitive people have it, Professor Starr? I am asking seriously.

Professor Starr: Nothing to the degree we have. You used the word I refrained from using, the population that fears death.

Mr. Darrow: I didn't use the word fear with that attitude toward it.

Professor Starr: Fear, the higher idea.

Mr. Darrow: I fancy that they must. Even the primitive religions are based on immortality and I fancy that while the feeling may not be as strong with them as it is with us, it

must be very substantial. It certainly enters into everything with what we call civilized people. It is not quite the right thing to say, fearing death. Personally, I have the same concern about it that everybody else has. I cannot imagine an intelligent person who has not. You know that any minute your best friend may be taken. You know that every day, those you love drop out by the wayside without warning. To know that the most important plans may come to nothing in a moment. There is nothing in life that compares in seriousness with it. Whether a man could so live that he would not care about it, that is a most important question. Whether he can take life as life is, and give up the thought of a future life and think very little of death. I don't know how he can do it while in full health and the possession of his faculties.

Now let us look a little closer into that question. I am quite aware that I do not fear death. I don't expect to go to hell. I expect after death I am going to be—I was going to say happy—but I expect not to be unhappy. I expect to even be better off than as if I was working. I expect to be asleep, and not even dreaming. But, that in no way takes away my will to live, which is present while I live, and it in no way takes away my imagination which shows me how brief everything is, and how the deepest loves in life bring the deepest pain; and makes me hesitate many times to bring my friends real close to me—because I know what the shock will be when we part. It seems to me that goes with living. I would be glad sometime to hear Professor Starr tell us more about it. The very fact that we never discuss it—of course, I discuss it more or less. I do that just to get used to it. I fancy that the man in Christian society who thinks less of death than anybody else, is the sexton, because he is dealing with it all the time. And, if I get to talking about it all the time I sort of get used to it. That is a way I have. It may be good or bad, but I fancy that there is no avoiding the shock that comes with the thought of it to intelligent people, who do not take refuge in the idea of immortality, or future life.

I can see nothing in the thought that one who lives a good life is better content to lay it down than one who does not live a good life. I think the biggest sinners die the easiest, because they generally see heaven in front of them. The witch-burners, the fellows who build fires to make people religious. The prohibitionists. And that kind of people. Of course, I am happy when they die. They die happy in the anticipation of what is coming to them. Of course if they knew what was coming to them they might not feel so good. I don't think goodness has anything whatever to do with whether a man is willing to die or not, or with how long

he lives. He couldn't live long by being good. It is proverbial that the good die young. I believe this myself, in spite of the fact that I am getting along some. One lives in accordance to the way they are adjusted to their environment. And if they have a crooked environment, they have to learn to grow crooked, or they will be up against something. Life has nothing to do with that. And I fancy death has not to do with it. I still think these people who say they are glad to die and are not looking for something, are really bluffing; they are Stoics, or Spartans; they steel themselves to it. Take an example. Suppose very suddenly there is a cry of fire here in this room. It would terrify all of you. How many times has it happened? Why, it has happened in theatres over and over again; happened in this town. What extraordinary measures people take to save their lives! Even the devout Christian, when he is dangerously sick, sends for a doctor instead of a preacher. People will consent to be carved up; have anything happen to them, even give up their money, rather than die! And, of course, this does enter directly and most directly into the feelings all of us have on the subject of whether life is worth living.

And, let me make another suggestion right here. Suppose the Professor is right. Suppose there are no feelings of reluctance at the thought of death; supposing humanity reached that point, in some way, that it was perfectly willing to die. What does that prove? I fancy that proves that life is not worth living! It would seem so to me. When I was a boy I never wanted to quit playing baseball or eating pie; I never wanted to come in at night when I was out playing with the boys; I never wanted to get up in the morning when I was sleeping, especially if I had to work. I was living a physical existence, and all right for the time. If men were happy; if life was happy; if it was worth while, it would be impossible to welcome death! And that, to my mind, is the great fact that settles this whole subject. I don't care about settling it. I am conscious that on many things Professor Starr and I think alike. I am proud to say it. But I find it hard to debate with him. I would prefer that this audience could see from such facts as Professor Starr has given us, some consolations for life, and some belief that on the whole it is worth while. But, the great fact in it is this, that the intense joy of life makes death a nightmare; it is the skeleton at every feast, and it is the only sure thing which says: No, there is no such thing as joy. Take that away; get a state of mind in the world where men are willing to die, and it can only mean one thing, that they are, at least, indifferent to life, and therefore, it is not worth while. I think we take life too seriously. Perhaps it would be better that we did not. We

all take ourselves too seriously. Life is at least not much worth while. We make too much of it. Perhaps we would be happier if we made less. I want to read you just in closing a short statement that I found from Sir Arthur J. Balfour, the English statesman, which seems to me to put this question of life, and of man, and of his existence on earth, better and simpler and more concisely than I have ever seen it before. It is from his well-known work, "Foundations of Belief."

"Man, so far as natural science by itself is able to teach us, is no longer the final cause of the universe, the Heaven-descended heir of all the ages. His very existence is an accident, his story a brief and transitory episode in the life of one of the meanest of the planets. Of the combination of causes which first converted a dead organic compound into the living progenitors of humanity, science indeed as yet knows nothing. It is enough that from such beginnings famine, disease, and mutual slaughter, fit nurses of the future lords of creation, have gradually evolved, after infinite travail, a race with conscience enough to feel that it is vile, and intelligence enough to know that it is insignificant. We survey the past, and see that its history is of blood and tears, of helpless blundering, of wild revolt, of stupid acquiescence, of empty aspirations. We sound the future, and learn that after a period, long compared with the individual life, but short indeed compared with the divisions of time open to our investigation, the energies of our system will decay, the glory of the sun will be dimmed, and the earth, tideless and inert, will no longer tolerate the race which for a moment disturbed its solitude. Man will go down into the pit, and all his thoughts will perish. The uneasy consciousness, which in this obscure corner has for a long space broken the contented silence of the universe, will be at rest. Matter will know itself no longer. "Imperishable monuments" and "immortal deeds," death itself, and love stronger than death, will be as though they had never been. Nor will anything that is better or worse for all that the labour, genius, devotion, and suffering of men have striven through countless generations to effect."

It seems to me that is life; that is man. Is it worth while? I want to make just one confession on this question. I know the Professor will agree with me on this. I take dope. I have tried pretty nearly every dope on earth. Somehow it doesn't catch. I am no different in what I try to do than the silly fellow who says: Love is God and God is love. If I could believe God is love and love is God, I would do it. I cannot. To me life is of little value. I don't mean to me individually, but as I see life. This great senseless, wasteful, cruel spawning of life upon the earth! I see not only its pain, but its

pleasures, and its joys annoy me more than its sorrows, for I don't want to loose them. I love my friends; I love people; I love life; but its everlasting uncertainty; its infinite miseries; its manifest futility; its unavoidable troubles and its tragic end appalls me. That is the truth about it. And, I am glad to take refuge in the one consolation, which I think is philosophy, but which may be dope, that life does not amount to much, and I should worry!

PROF. STARR'S LAST SPEECH.

Professor Starr said: I hope that you listened carefully to the quotation from Mr. Balfour. I will only say if you did, and it sank deeply, you will realize more than ever, first, that we are not responsible for being here; second, that we should therefore get all that we can while we are here, because whatever is true of the future, we are here. Make the most of it!

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